The Nation.

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EDITORIAL

TURNING TO TEHERAN

The Congressional Iran/*contra* committees have been building a careful and convincing case against Lieut. Col. Oliver North under the "Al Capone strategy" of prosecution, which holds that the best attack is the least political and most litigable one: tax evasion instead of bootlegging in Capone's case, accepting gratuities instead of usurping power in North's.

This strategy has the virtue of upholding the system from which both accusers and accused benefit. Most of the men who sit on the House and Senate select committees seem eager to contain the damage North and his co-conspirators did to the structure of American government and to its imperial presence. North may not emerge as a hero from the hearings, but he is likely to be remembered more as an adventurous renegade than as an agent of a malign presidency.

Phase II of the hearings, which began last week, did not at first promise the sex appeal and the guerrilla chic of Phase I, which dealt with the diversion of money and guns to the Nicaraguan *contras*. But the long story of wheeling and dealing with Iranian mullahs is potentially the most explosive of all, for it suggests gross deception, a wholesale perversion of democratic institutions, and perhaps electoral fraud and manipulation that make Watergate seem like a student-council campaign prank.

This week, in the second of a series of columns [see "Minority Report," June 20] taking a fresh look at the Iran arms sale, Christopher Hitchens lays out evidence that the 1980 Reagan campaign team promised Teheran weapons if the U.S. Embassy hostages were not released until after the November elections. That team later became the junta that ran U.S. covert operations for six cruel years. Some of its members will testify this summer. That's the time to nail down the story, not bury it for the good of the guilty.

THE KOCH-NEWFIELD LETTERS
Edward I. Koch
Jack Newfield

HOSTAGE SWAP
Christopher Hitchens

FRATS AND SORORITIES
M.G. Lord

STOP SIEGAN
Herman Schwartz

NAVAJO RELOCATION
Trebbe Johnson

MARCOS WALTZ
Joe Conason

LETTER TO THE CANDIDATES

INFORMATION: IMPORTANT ISSUE FOR '88

Although the national elections are almost a year and a half away, the indifference factor—the big national yawn—is already building. But the months ahead could see some dramatic and markedly unpleasant developments. Recently, New York City investment banker Felix Rohatyn sounded an alarm over what he foresees is an almost inevitable financial and economic crackup.

The potentially disastrous consequences of the national trade and budget deficits, the Third World's debt, rising arms expenditures and the sad state of U.S. manufacturing cannot be foretold. These looming crises demand, at the very least, all the thought and discussion that presidential aspirants and a television-drugged public can give them.

Yet, another grave national condition makes such attention and meaningful debate on these and other issues highly improbable. That is the already stricken, and rapidly worsening, national information situation—what we see, hear and read. Compared with the other problems facing the country, that growing disaster is the best-kept secret since the U.S. Air Force bombed Cambodia.

Why is information an issue in the campaign when there is a plethora of other things to worry about? Because what we know about the other problems—how they are defined and situated in our minds—is dependent entirely on our information/cultural system. If the apparatus that informs us is itself out of alignment, providing an inadequate picture of reality, we are in deep trouble.

The matter is further complicated by a unique attribute of our information system. We are reliant on the information it provides to alert us

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EXCHANGE.

The Koch-Newfield Letters

New York City

To say that I am disappointed in *The Nation* would be an understatement. I thought *The Nation* was more responsible than to publish the half-truths, distortions and outright lies in Jack Newfield's article "Mayor Daley Is Alive and Well in N.Y.C." [April 4]. The author's style is well known to me, as is his prior biased treatment of the subject matter. So it came as no surprise to see fairness supplanted by calculated falsehood. I would have expected, however, that *The Nation* would have mentioned in its brief biography of the writer that he was an active member of the "Dump Koch in 1981" campaign committee. Does *The Nation* think its readers might have been interested in having such relevant background information? If *The Nation* was publishing an article on Israel by M.T. Mehdi, would it grant its readers information on the author's affiliations?

Newfield, whose style could be characterized as misstatement, omission and sleight of hand, has almost never written a piece in my nine and a half years in office that was other than an attack. To present him to an unsuspecting reader as fair or as a journalist without portfolio is, at best, misleading. I concede that I have not always been kind to Newfield. For example, I have not hesitated to point out in print that Newfield has admitted in the past that he has lied in his writing when it suited his purposes. I have referred readers to a 1972 letter to *The Village Voice*, in which Newfield admitted lying about controversial statements he heard Bella Abzug make during her Congressional campaign because he felt that by lying he might help her win.

Newfield is incapable of dispassionate, fair reporting. He is a classic partisan. Time and again his pieces concerning city government in *The Voice* have distorted the truth. One of the few truly accurate statements in his *Nation* article was that once I became Mayor, I refused to be interviewed by Newfield and his colleagues at *The Voice*, based on my frustration with their repeated misrepresentations.

Although as a rule I do not respond to articles appearing in *The Voice*, articles appearing in *The Nation*, even those authored by Jack Newfield, are a different matter. *The Nation* is a respected publication with a wide readership. I believe it is important to set the record straight.

The title of Newfield's article works well because the underlying thesis—that New York City's government is controlled by party bosses and that its workers are selected according to party loyalties—runs contrary to popular impression. The reader clearly must wonder how, under the yoke of political hackism, this city could possibly have accomplished the great reversal in its fiscal fortunes under my administration. How could a city on the edge of bankruptcy, soliciting Federal guarantees for its loans at the time I came into office, in 1978, have become the New York of the mid-1980s, with the strongest economy of any city in the country and the lowest unemployment rate in more than a dozen years, while being strangled by a "Mayor Daley" and his political machine?

Is it just possible that Newfield is not being truthful, and that he has conveniently omitted any reference to the unprecedented turnaround of our economy, particularly as a result of my administration's promulgation of policies without regard to politics, because this undercuts his central theme? Newfield cites several examples of what he maintains demonstrates a pattern of political patronage. Later in this response I will deal with some of the particulars of his examples, but even though it is extremely difficult to disprove a negative (i.e., that some of the nearly 20,000 city jobs that are exempt from Civil Service are not parceled out according to party affiliation), I believe that through logic and reference to independent, respected sources, much of the impression Newfield attempts to create can be dispelled.

If there is any one area that could serve as a benchmark or litmus test on the issue of whether an administration is under the influence of political leaders, it is the process by which a mayor appoints judges. In New York City, this is an area in which mayors have virtually unfettered discretion. As Mayor, I have appointed more than 150 individuals to terms of up to ten years on the Criminal Court, Family Court and (on an interim basis) the Civil Court. Party politics is filled with lawyers. Political leaders have historically held out judgeships as the principal carrot to the party faithful, party law chairs, lawyers involved in the petitioning process, lawyers who volunteer to mount court challenges and lawyers who assist in Election Day operations.

Following my election but before I was sworn in, my predecessor, Mayor Abraham Beame, drew criticism from local bar associations and the press for his midnight appointments to the bench of individuals deemed political and unqualified. Mayor Beame was acting in the tradition of big-city politics. He was honoring his presumed obligation to the political leadership and the party faithful. If the party bosses of New York have had the influence that Jack Newfield claims they have had over this administration, the evidence would be in my appointments to the courts.

My appointments have been praised by my admirers and critics alike for being based solely on the merits. Not one of the more than 150 men and women whom I have appointed has been sworn in without first having survived a rigorous and independent selection process which included review by an independent nominating committee; a screening by the City Bar Association; a personal interview with me; and a public hearing. Not one of the individuals appointed was the product of a patronage arrangement. More than that, not one applicant was ever asked his or her party enrollment. All had applied on their own initiative and some had responded to public advertisements.

The Committee on Modern Courts, after conducting a national survey of all appointing authorities (Presidents, governors and mayors), reported that I had appointed more women and minorities to the bench (more than 36 percent of all my judicial appointments) than anyone else in the country. The New York City Bar Association stated that the quality of my appointments should serve as a national example. I employ a similar merit selection process in the appointment of city marshals and those members of important boards and commissions whose appointments are subject to the advice and consent of the City Council.

In past administrations, politically connected lawyers have found a home in the New York City Law Department. Ours is the largest public law office in the country (more than 500 attorneys), except for the Justice Department in Washington. However, my administration changed the selection process; now assistant corporation counsels are recruited and selected, not only locally but from law schools throughout the country. No political leader during my administration has ever claimed credit, nor could he, for the hiring of even one individual in the law department—because the fact is that every appointment was made solely on merit and with a commitment in writing that the appointee would not be involved in political activity while employed by the city.

The New York Times has repeatedly commented on the quality and integrity of the judges I have appointed and of the city's legal arm. Similar safeguards, separating political influence from government operation, were implemented across the board for the city's management corps. In 1978, by personnel order, I prohibited managerial employees from serving in any political party position. Does all of this sound like Mayor Daley to you?

Interestingly, Jack Newfield avoids references to the areas in which one would typically find political patronage, and for good reason. Instead, Newfield attempts to fashion support for his thesis by reference to the selection of commissioners. From among the 42 mayoral agencies and the more than 150 individuals I have appointed to key positions

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EDITORIALS.

Korea Divided

On September 8, 1945, American occupation forces marched down the gangplanks at Inchon, South Korea, as black-coated Japanese soldiers stood guard and a few Koreans silently looked on. Shortly before the Americans landed, Japanese forces fired into a crowd of Koreans gathered to welcome the G.I.s, killing labor activist Kwon P'yong-gun and another Korean, Yi Sok-u. Although the U.S. commander, Lieut. Gen. John Hodge, had been told about the deaths, he proceeded to thank the Japanese for keeping the Koreans away from the dock so that they did not "hinder the landing operation." The American forces kept intact the National Police network set up by the Japanese and used it to control the unruly Koreans—"the most politically minded people I have ever seen," Hodge said.

Last month the cities of South Korea were shaken by running battles between masses of students and other citizens calling for democracy, and masses of police defending the regime of President Chun Doo Hwan. The students repre-

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sent a new generation, born after the Korean War, but the police are part of the old system.

After four decades, the forces of "order" in South Korea are still relying on the same constabulary—now more numerous and fearsome in their Darth Vader helmets, augmented by a ubiquitous intelligence apparat, a grossly swollen military (still jointly commanded by Americans) and countless plainclothes bullies. Nor has the justification changed from General Hodge's day: On June 17, Secretary of State George Shultz implied that the Koreans were as unruly as ever. The situation there was entirely different from that of the Philippines, he said, because of "a kind of tradition of confrontation rather than a tradition of compromise" that was "sort of part of the Korean character."

"Sort of." Given the division into two nations forced on the Korean people, a fratricidal war, a quarter-century of rule by military juntas in mufti and a U.S. policy that still favors security forces capable of quieting outspoken Koreans, and that has yet to heed the people's desire for a more democratic system of government, confrontation is the only recourse.

The United States has been the progenitor of authoritarian politics in South Korea and shares the blame for the current unrest. But the chickens are coming home to roost: a new generation recognizes Washington's role in the blighting of democracy in its country.

One trait of the "Korean character" (Southern variety), however, is a capacity for great magnanimity toward U.S. errors, out of gratitude for the G.I.s who died in the war against the North. It may not be too late to wipe the slate clean by at last emphatically disowning the autocrats in Seoul who have run the country for forty years.

Closing the File

Remember the President's Special Review Board, otherwise known as the Tower commission, which issued a report on the Iran/*contra* scandal last February? The White House would like you to forget it. Through a bureaucratic and perhaps illegal maneuver, the Reagan Administration has placed all commission records beyond the reach of the Freedom of Information Act, hiding them from journalists, academics and the public. That is what *The Nation* and the National Security Archive, a Washington-based research outfit, discovered in filing separate F.O.I.A. requests for materials collected by the Tower commission in its investigation, including the full transcript of every interview the panel conducted.

The National Security Archive first submitted its request to the White House Office of Administration, which is covered by the F.O.I.A. and whose official description states that one of its tasks is "records maintenance" for "units within the Office of the President." But the Office of Administration isn't maintaining the Tower commission records, the researchers discovered. The custodian is Arthur Culvahouse Jr., counsel to the President, whose office is not subject to F.O.I.A. requests. When the National Security Archive asked if the White House would nevertheless make this material public, Culvahouse responded, "In light of the ongoing criminal and Congressional investigations into the matters that were the subject of the inquiry conducted by the President's Special Review Board, we do not believe it would be appropriate to make discretionary release of these documents at this time." William Lytton 3d, White House deputy special counsel, maintained that Culvahouse possesses the records so the White House can comply with requests from Congressional investigators and the independent counsel examining the Iran/*contra* scandal.

Nevertheless, the National Security Archive has filed suit, arguing that Culvahouse has grabbed the commission's records without legal authority and that the Federal Advisory Committee Act, under which Reagan set up the Tower commission, orders such bodies to develop procedures to comply with F.O.I.A. requests.

"Clearly, these records are supposed to be reachable," says David Sobel, associate general counsel for the National Security Archive. But so far, they're not. Reagan said he created the Tower commission to discover the truth about the Iran/*contra* scandal. By keeping all commission records under lock and key, the White House once again reveals that secrecy remains its top priority.

Isiah & Bernhard

Let's engage in a bit of racial stereotyping: If you're a white basketball fan, you probably rooted for the Boston Celtics in the recent N.B.A. playoffs. If you're black, you probably didn't. Trouble is, this stereotype is generally accurate. White fans gravitated to the team with more white players than any other in the predominantly black N.B.A., including Larry Bird, the lone white among the game's superstars. Almost all black fans in my large but unscientific survey tended to see a bit of caucasian pride at work and many rooted against the Celtics. With impressive sincerity, almost all white Celtics fans denied that their choice was racially motivated. They consistently cited the fact that the Celtics' coach is black and said they admired the Celtics' "style," not their skin color.

The fans' reactions are a paradigm of America's racial division, its pervasiveness and its subtleties. The term "racism" fails to explain fully this division (as does the conservative bleat about "reverse racism"). Other staples of the Op-Ed pages such as "the legacy of racism," "subtle racism" and "the new racism" aren't much more help, either. What is new and subtle is dutifully lamented and rarely explained.

The racial subtext of the Celtics' popularity follows an extraordinary string of highly publicized, racially charged incidents between 1984 and 1987. From Jesse Jackson's appearance with black separatist Louis Farrakhan in 1984, to the acquittal of subway gunman Bernhard Goetz last month,

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a general pattern has held: White public opinion is unified and black public opinion is more ambivalent.

Whites will almost universally condemn extreme expressions of racism, like the attack that led to the death of a black man in Howard Beach, Queens, and the various confrontations on college campuses. Whites, however, tend to regard those as isolated incidents and discount race as a factor in most other social situations. Blacks, on the other hand, are much more likely to see a racial angle in all manner of white behavior, be it rooting for a basketball team or pulling a gun. Yet blacks are divided on how important this racial angle is—witness the wide sympathy for Goetz among blacks.

This division reflects an ambiguity found in the civil rights movement from the 1940s through the 1960s. Whites today often piously insist that people be judged as individuals, not as members of a racial group. Indeed, some whites, usually those unacquainted with the thought of the Rev. Martin Luther King Jr., contend that this was the main goal of the civil rights movement. Blacks admire the colorblind ideal but they are also deeply suspicious of it.

Isiah Thomas, an N.B.A. all-star and amateur social commentator, recently tried to explain why. Immediately after Thomas's team, the Detroit Pistons, had lost a bitter and exciting playoff series to the Celtics, Thomas agreed with a teammate who had accused the assembled reporters of overrating Larry Bird because he is white. "If Bird was black, he'd be just another good guy," Thomas said.

This was not so much untrue as intemperate. If Bird were black he would certainly be regarded as a superstar but he would probably receive far less acclaim than he does now (guess who's the only pro basketball player to appear on the cover of *Time* in the past ten years). A flap ensued and Thomas apologized. But his graciousness tended to obscure a serious point he was making about the new racism. Thomas's complaint was that the language of praise in sports is segregated. He noted that reporters, sportscasters and coaches praise white players as "hardworking" and "intelligent" while praising blacks as natural athletes. "What I was referring to was not so much Larry Bird, but the perpetuation of stereotypes about blacks," Thomas told Ira Berkow of *The New York Times*. "When Bird makes a great play, it's due to his thinking, and his work habits. It's all planned out by him. It's not the case for blacks. All we do is run and jump. We never practice or give thought to how we play. It's like I came dribbling out of my mother's womb."

The point isn't whether white N.B.A. players as a group are as athletically talented as their counterparts. They're not (which is why the rare great white player is so popular). The point is that blacks in professional basketball are just as hardworking and intelligent a group as their white counterparts (if not more so), yet they are far less likely to get credit for it, at least from whites. This rule applies far beyond the privileged world of professional basketball. When whites judge blacks—individually or collectively—they seem oblivious to the possibility that they might be making invidious racial distinctions.

Goetz's acquittal, for example, turned on a group judgment of blacks, although many whites sincerely denied the case had any racial element. Goetz took the law in his own hands on the basis of an assumption about black teen-agers behaving in a certain way in New York City. He had sound statistical basis for this belief: He was ten times more likely to be mugged by a black teen-ager than by a white one. Goetz guessed correctly that he was going to be mugged and, in a pathological rage, shot four dangerous young men. The jury decided that, under the circumstances, he had the right to act on a racially based group judgment.

Yet conservatives denounce affirmative action precisely because it relies on racially based group judgments. They argue that the law cannot countenance actions based on any group judgments, even to overcome the legacy of racism. Logically, then, conservatives dedicated to the principle of judging people as individuals rather than as members of a group should have held Goetz to a very high standard of restraint. When he looked into the eyes of his tormentors, he should no more have taken race into account than should a white employer considering a black job applicant. If Goetz acted on the basis of race and not simply on the individual "merits" of the four young men in the subway car—and he obviously did—he violated conservative legal dictum. Yet, needless to say, William Bradford Reynolds and other theoreticians against affirmative action did not weigh in on behalf of Goetz's victims.

No wonder blacks are skeptical when whites profess their colorblindness. They see the legal system allowing Goetz to defend himself by making a collective judgment about blacks. They see, as Isiah Thomas noted, that white society relies on collective judgments of blacks that overlook individual merits. And all the while they hear white politicians in New York City and Washington fiercely denouncing affirmative action and the very idea of applying judgments to a racial group as a means of addressing social ills. Some think the problem is that whites are hypocrites. More likely, the problem is that many of them are as sincere as those Celtics fans.

JEFFERSON MORLEY

CHANGES

We invite your attention to some augmentations to the masthead. Assuming the new post of Washington editor is Jefferson Morley, who comes to us from *The New Republic*, where he was an associate editor. Morley, who has worked for *Harper's*, *The Washington Post* and *Foreign Policy*, joins David Corn, our Washington correspondent, and columnist Christopher Hitchens in the capital.

Closer to home, after three and a half years as *The Nation*'s copy chief, JoAnn Wypijewski becomes managing editor. Her replacement is Art Winslow, who previously worked here as an assistant copy editor. He returns to the fold after two years of writing fiction and freelance magazine editing.

And please note that with this issue *The Nation* begins its biweekly summer schedule. Weekly publication will resume with the August 29 issue.

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(*Continued From Front Cover*)

to any malfunction in the system itself; but the apparatus has been shockingly (though not surprisingly) reticent in calling attention to its own ills.

The causes of the deepening information malady may be found in developments and trends in America's media and cultural industries: billion-dollar acquisitions in publishing; buy-outs and takeovers of national television networks; growing oligopoly in cable TV; and, the fulfillment of an advertiser's dream, the spread of the one-newspaper city. The United States now has what the dean of the University of California at Berkeley's Graduate School of Journalism calls a "private ministry of information and culture."

The seeming cultural pluralism provided by thousands of newspapers, magazines, radio stations and TV channels is belied by their near-total absorption into giant media combines. The consequence is a national discourse that is increasingly one-dimensional. And although concentration in industry is as American as apple pie, its presence and metastic growth in the information/cultural field calls into question the elemental assumptions of democratic government. Can we be confident that the large institutions that preside over the society's daily output and intake of imagery and information are adequately informing the citizenry?

Is there a presidential aspirant who has the strength and the will to put this question at the top of her or his political agenda? The candidate will discover quickly that the concentration of media facilities and their products is only part of the problem. Also worrisome is the parallel growth of "corporate speech," an astonishing development evident in the last few decades. Afforded First Amendment rights under the legal fiction that corporations are "persons," corporate messages now flood the nation. In addition to $102 billion in commercial advertising outlays annually, the rising volume of corporate utterance on political and social issues drowns out less-affluent voices.

Adding to the enfeeblement of the public's access to information is the heavy utilization of the new data/communications technologies for commercial ends. The emerging capabilities for organizing, processing, storing, retrieving and disseminating information have encouraged the entry of private firms into the information business. The commercialization of information, its private acquisition and sale, has become a major industry. While more material than ever before, in formats created for specialized use, is available at a price, free public information supported by general taxation is attacked by the private sector as an unacceptable form of subsidy.

Responding to its business clientele, the Reagan team does what it can to eliminate the public information sector. It has staffed executive and regulatory agencies, the Office of Management and Budget and the Federal Communications Commission, in particular, with trusted stewards whose mission is to speed up privatization and commercialization of as many government functions as possible. "Ability to pay" is becoming the governing principle of access to information.

Access is further curtailed by the Administration's paranoid obsession with security. Data is classified, employees are treated as potential foreign agents, export controls are placed on information itself and a chill is cast over the legitimate gathering of information and its exchange. Because of the general atmosphere of distrust and suspicion, the public knows less and less about what is going on, while those at the top of the bureaucratic pyramids know more and more about all of us. Computers that minutely track each individual's life history supply the data.

Contributing further to the deterioration of the information environment is the shadowy activity of a giant disinformation machine, at the service of the presidency and the intelligence agencies, which churns out fabrications that are usually accepted and disseminated uncritically by the mass media. Rarely does the public learn (and then after the fact) about one of those false reports—for example, the stories about Col. Muammar el-Qaddafi that were planted in the media to legitimize the murderous air-strike on Libya and its leader's family.

Now citizens must regard warily the reports concerning nations and individuals viewed by established power as "hostile." Current reporting on international affairs may be almost as polluted as our rivers. An individual's ability to know the actual circumstances of national and international existence has progressively diminished.

Is it unrealistic to expect that the information system can become a political issue? Any candidate who discusses such questions faces a media backlash. Still, only through a vigorous national discussion can the possibility of alternative information arrangements and processes be imagined.

A hundred years ago, for instance, the public demanded antitrust legislation to protect it against the monopoly practices of railroads, grain millers and the banks. Though a different type of regulation may be required, the need today to safeguard our thought and consciousness is just as urgent.

Candidates who take up the information issue will be accused, inevitably, of playing politics with information and trespassing on the First Amendment. The answer to this charge is straightforward: The national information function and supply are politicized already. The point of the debate should be to move the locus of the existing political control of information from private, corporate decision-making to public participation and accountability.

A national discussion of the information system as a central campaign issue will not receive a high media rating. It will not compete with *Miami Vice* or *Monday Night Football* on the Nielsen charts. Still, the possibility of a large popular response should not be underestimated. In any case, a full-scale review of the country's information situation is long overdue and grows increasingly urgent. Democratic governance is in the balance.

Is there anyone in the presidential marathon who will make the initial effort to repair and restore the foundations of the public's right to know and its need for meaningful and truthful information? HERBERT I. SCHILLER

Herbert I. Schiller is professor of communications at the University of California, San Diego.

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MINORITY REPORT.

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

In the fall of 1968 the incumbent Democrats were making steady progress in the opinion polls. Despite their appalling record on Vietnam, they had a chance to win re-election by organizing a peace conference to end the war. The Nixon campaign had as its foreign policy coordinator a man named Richard V. Allen. Allen made it his task to develop contact with moles in the government machine because, as Seymour Hersh wrote in *The Price of Power*, "Nixon knew the Johnson Administration was involved in a desperate attempt to get some kind of substantive peace talks under way in Paris, and thus improve Humphrey's chances in the election." With the help of these insiders, who included Henry Kissinger, and with the assistance of right-wing fanatics like Anna Chennault, a "backchannel" to the South Vietnamese was established. It was made plain to the South Vietnamese that they would get a better deal from a Nixon administration.

On November 2, 1968, two days after the White House announced that he would be participating in the Paris peace talks and three days before the U.S. elections, President Nguyen Van Thieu of South Vietnam withdrew from the negotiations. His timing was disastrous for the talks, and for the Democratic ticket.

In "Minority Report" for June 20, I suggested that the Reagan campaign in 1980 might have played a similar game with the mullahs in Teheran. Did it assure them that if they kept the American hostages until after the elections, a Reagan administration would reward Iran with weapons? This would explain the timing of the hostage release and the almost immediate shipment of arms via Israel to Iran when no hostages were being held and no "moderates" were on the horizon. Further evidence for this hypothesis follows.

§ In the first two weeks of October 1980 three prominent Reaganites met with an envoy of the Iranian regime. The meeting took place in the L'Enfant Plaza Hotel in Washington. It was arranged by Robert McFarlane (then working for Senator John Tower) and attended by Laurence Silberman, co-chair of the Reagan-Bush foreign policy advisory group. Also present was the other co-chair, Richard V. Allen. Allen, who became Reagan's first national security adviser, now claims that his notes of the meeting have been "mislaid." But Abolhassan Bani-Sadr, who was President of Iran at the time, says that two ayatollahs did negotiate through intermediaries with the Reagan campaign, trading the humiliation of Carter for future arms deliveries. According to the excellent Alfonso Chardy of *The Miami Herald*, Bani-Sadr identifies the two as Hashemi Rafsanjani and Mohammed Beheshti. Rafsanjani has since emerged as the Iranian of choice in all the Reagan Administration's arms deals.

§ Barbara Honegger, who served as a researcher in the Reagan campaign and later as a policy analyst at the White House, says she was in the Reagan headquarters in Arlington, Virginia, on October 24 or 25, 1980, at about 11 P.M., when an excited staffer in the "operations center" said, "We don't have to worry about an 'October surprise.' Dick cut a deal." "Dick" was Richard Allen.

§ A memorandum in Allen's handwriting, printed in the House investigating committee's report on the theft of President Carter's campaign papers, is dated October 10, 1980. One entry reads, "FCI—Partial Release of hostages for parts." F.C.I. are the initials of Fred C. Iklé, now an Under Secretary of Defense and then a member of one of Reagan's action groups on the "October surprise."

§ According to the House investigation, there were two teams that sought to deny President Carter an "October surprise" success in releasing the hostages. The first met in the Skyline House in Falls Church, Virginia, and consisted of Edwin Meese 3d, William Casey, Richard Wirthlin, Pete Dailey and Adm. Robert Garrick. This was the group described by Casey as "an intelligence operation." The second team was convened by Allen and included Fred Iklé, John Lehman and Adm. Thomas Moore.

§ Speaking before the House committee, which, alas, did not hold public hearings and did not compel testimony under oath, Meese, Casey and James Baker 3d all confirmed that Admiral Garrick ran a network of serving and retired officers whose job was to watch U.S. bases for any signs of unusual activity that might suggest a rescue operation. Garrick confirmed this in his own testimony but claimed that he could not remember the names of his informants or the names of the bases. The committee found that "Garrick's lack of memory about his alleged 'network' is not credible."

§ Again according to the House investigation, secret documents from the U.S. Embassy in Teheran were found in the files of Edwin Meese and Anthony Dolan, now Reagan's chief speechwriter. The committee determined that "these copies were obtained from Iran after being in the possession of Iranians." One of those documents, unearthed from Meese's file, has an attached handwritten note of acknowledgment from Reagan, signed "Ron." By way of the F.B.I., Reagan told the committee that he "was not certain who provided him with the documents."

§ A Reaganite staffer on the Senate Intelligence Committee, Angelo Codevilla, informed the House committee that he had been told of active-duty C.I.A. agents who worked for the Bush campaign. Richard Allen's telephone log for October 13, 1980, reads: "1115 Angelo Codevilla—938-9702. DIA – Hostages – all back in compound, last week. Admin. embargoed intelligence. *Confirmed.*" As the committee's report dryly notes, "Neither Allen nor Codevilla could provide information concerning the meaning of this note."

Well, the hostages were released at just the right time, and the first shipments of weapons began the very next month. You may wonder if the Reaganites were capable of making such a vile deal. But you don't really wonder that, do you? Let me give the last word to former President Bani-Sadr: "I don't know precisely why the timing of the release was so important to the Reagan apparatus. But it seems to me that his aides were trying to prepare the American public psychologically and symbolically for the era of Reaganism."

It is more than time that these questions got the special prosecutor they deserve. (*To be continued.*)

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BEAT THE DEVIL.

Its Ugly Head

It was strange to get back from England, home of the political sex scandal, to find that, several weeks after the downfall of Gary Hart, the morals of both Democratic and Republican candidates are prime topics of journalistic investigation.

The obvious candidate for these self-righteous probes is the Rev. Jesse Jackson. The mainstream press mostly hates Jackson, because he is black, because he is unafraid to express radical sentiments and because he is doing well in Iowa and could make a strong showing in the primaries. When he first ran, in 1984, the fire hoses were directed at Jackson for anti-Semitism and the origins of his finances. This is happening all over again, with allegations about his sex life thrown in for good measure. On June 18 of this year Ira Rosen, a producer with CBS's *60 Minutes* who works with Mike Wallace, dropped by the office of Michael Moore, former editor of *Mother Jones*. Moore now works in Washington, readying a weekly newsletter about the press. As Moore recalls the conversation, Rosen said he wanted "to do the story" on Jackson, to find out "where his money comes from, is it numbers and drug money?" and about "the sexual thing, of course." But, said Rosen to Moore, "We want to go beyond that." He used phrases like "nail him" about Jackson's claims of what happened at the time of the Rev. Martin Luther King Jr.'s death and said that Jackson had lied about his role. What Jackson did or did not do as King died is a matter of keen interest to the press and, perhaps, a sign of a certain desperation. Jack Anderson had a column on the topic lately.

Later in the conversation, according to Moore, Rosen boasted, "I'm the one who convinced Jackson to announce his candidacy [in 1984] on *60 Minutes*." "And now you're going to be the one to break him?" Moore asked. Then, says Moore, Rosen gave a big grin and chuckled. Rosen reported triumphantly that CBS had Jackson on film at some kind of church fund-raiser, "ordering these black ministers, 'You raise $5,000; you raise $10,000.'"

"Something like what the U.J.A. does?" Moore asked. "Er, yes," said Rosen, somewhat taken aback.

Asked for his recollection of this encounter, Rosen at first maintained that he did not know who Moore was and that the conversation was "100 percent false." He called *The Nation* a few minutes later and said that he had been introduced to Moore by John Richard, the managing editor of *Multinational Monitor*. (Moore and Richard work in the same offices.) Rosen said that Richard had witnessed the conversation in which he said he wanted to do a piece on Jackson in the context of his background, advisers and family, and that it was Moore who had said that Jackson got money from drugs and numbers. He continued to deny the other remarks.

Richard tells me that his clear impression was that Rosen was planning an aggressive profile of Jackson. Regarding Moore's account, though not present throughout, he recalls specifically that he'd heard Rosen discuss the black ministers and his disbelief in Jackson's account of what went on at the time of King's death. He did not confirm Rosen's claim that it was Moore who had raised the matter of drugs and numbers.

One story around CBS is that the company's boss, Laurence Tisch, is deeply disturbed by Jackson's present status and would be delighted to see him the subject of an unsparing profile on *60 Minutes*, a disposition that is well understood by that program's millionaire executive producer, Don Hewitt. Another school avers that Hewitt himself is taken with the idea of making and breaking Jackson. Mike Wallace certainly has reason to be sensitive to racial issues and racial tensions. During his May 2 commencement address at the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor, members of campus antiracist coalitions stood and turned their backs in protest at the choice of Wallace as speaker. Five years ago Wallace was interviewing officials at a San Diego bank about lien-sale contracts designed to mislead poor people. A bank microphone at the session caught Wallace saying off camera, "You bet your ass they're [the contracts] hard to read if you're reading them over the watermelon or over the tacos." Wallace publicly apologized for the remark.

On June 23, Rosen called Jackson's press secretary, Frank Watkins, and asked for an interview, saying that the show wanted to do "a profile on Jackson and his family."

Blackmail at Bradlee's 'Post'

The moral contortions required to justify this sex-police journalism are considerable. The fact that Hart had a long-term relationship with a woman in Washington was well known to journalists in town, including some at *The Washington Post*, long before Donna Rice entered the picture and Lynn Armandt rang up *The Miami Herald*. Hart, indeed, used to share a house with *The Post*'s Bob Woodward. When Hart ran for the Democratic nomination in 1984 none of these witting journalists taxed him in print with his extramarital relationship or declared that it rendered him unfit for office. But with the scandal at flood tide *The Post* entered the sex-policing business, apparently at the vehement urging of managing editor Len Downie. The useful idiot was *Post* reporter Paul Taylor, who informed a Hart aide that the newspaper had detailed evidence of Hart's affair with a woman in Washington. It was subsequently alleged that this evidence took the form of a report by a private detective, but the private eye's dossier is a red herring. Those knowing reporters had simply decided to change the rules on Hart.

If *The Post* thought the woman's identity was newsworthy, it should have published her name. If it thought her identity was not newsworthy, it should not have published the information regardless of whether or not Hart stayed in the race. By sharing the knowledge with Hart but not with the public, *The Post* sought to force Hart from the race, which is not, supposedly, the role of a newspaper. All this makes Ben Bradlee and Downie blackmailers. Once the press gets into the sex-policing business, journalism will inevitably be brutalized to the level of the F.B.I. agents who put a bug

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under Martin Luther King's bed.

Since most male politicians have overtime libidos, perhaps, as Moore remarked to me, we will end up with an all-woman ticket, which would be no bad thing.* So far, at least one Democrat has declined the race because he feels his personal life could not withstand scrutiny. On the other side the stories are even wilder. I was hardly off the plane when I heard that a leading Republican contender had an illegitimate child in 1981 and that *The Chicago Tribune* was about to report that George Bush has had no less than three mistresses. It will be a sad day for human values when they nail Bush for adultery rather than complicity in the murder of hundreds of Nicaraguan men, women and children.

King's Armandt

It is relevant, in light of the above, to look at David Garrow's much-praised *Bearing the Cross*, which portrays King as a man ridden with guilt, loneliness, a death wish and terror of the F.B.I. On June 7 the joint Sunday edition of *The Atlanta Journal* and *The Atlanta Constitution* published civil rights veteran Willy Leventhal's highly critical assessment of Garrow's work. Leventhal shows that in certain crucial instances the book depends entirely on internal F.B.I. memorandums and reports, which Garrow does not evaluate. As Leventhal points out, a memo stating that King and friends on a holiday "suspected they were under surveillance" and kept television sets and air conditioners on when they were in their rooms may have been fabricated because the Bureau had mounted an expensive surveillance operation that had produced nothing. Garrow accepts the F.B.I.'s own estimate of the quality of the bug it put in King's room at the Willard Hotel, even though others who have heard the tape from the bug say that it is full of uninciminating gibberish. As Leventhal concludes, "What is really new and different about this biography is the predominant use of FBI propaganda, the trading in gossip about King's private life." Garrow, he writes, "has helped Hoover to accomplish posthumously what the FBI director was unable to do in his lifetime—convince reputable journalists that the bureau's spliced tapes and doctored transcripts constitute credible evidence."

Cover-Up at 'The New York Review'

The White House is not the only institution engaged in a cover-up of its behavior in Nicaragua. For almost a year now *The New York Review of Books* has successfully suppressed exposure of its complicity in providing intellectual underpinning for the assault on Nicaragua. Some readers may recall a series of articles in *The New York Review* depicting the Sandinistas as bloodthirsty dictators, written by Robert Leiken and criticized in this column. In mid-July 1986, partly in response to attacks on himself, Tony Jenkins wrote a long letter to *The New York Review*, dissecting Leiken's misrepresentations in detail.

After a lengthy interval, lasting into the fall, Robert Silvers, one of the magazine's editors, responded, agreeing to publish the letter but demanding that it be drastically shortened. The shortened letter was sent on October 20, 1986. Since then Silvers has engaged in a series of delaying tactics. In the past six months he has claimed that Leiken was unable to write a response (without which Silvers will not publish the letter) because he has been indisposed. Whatever Leiken's malady, it is not preventing him from conducting research at Harvard's Center for International Affairs. The net effect has been to censor Jenkins, an ironic achievement in view of Leiken's howls about *La Prensa*. Jenkins has to come to the conclusion, reasonable after eleven months, that Silvers will never publish his letter. So, for the record, I will run it in installments. Part I follows:

> Bob Leiken uses conjecture, hearsay and simple invention when writing about Nicaragua. At one dinner he and I both attended in Managua in 1985, he was confronted by a group of eight journalists who asked him where he found his "information." "I'm not a journalist," he replied smugly. "I don't have to support everything I write with facts."
>
> Unfortunately, when your correspondents have confronted him with his lies in your columns, Leiken has been less frank and has chosen instead to attack their credentials. Thus in your June 26 issue he claims I misrepresented myself. In July I wrote offering proof that I was indeed a correspondent for the London *Guardian*. You were evidently embarrassed: "Of course you must respond to the personal attack," you told me over the phone last month. At the same time you asked me to cut my response in half. But my first letter was made lengthy, not by a personal defense (Leiken is the ONLY person to have ever questioned my objectivity in four years reporting from Central America for the BBC, *The Guardian* and *The Economist*, inter alia) but by the much more crucial effort to correct just some of Leiken's outrageous distortions about Nicaragua. Very well, here is an abbreviated rebuttal, but both you and he know that I have plenty more evidence to unmask Leiken's misuse of our columns for his pro-*contra* propaganda effort.
>
> Since Bob raised the question of misrepresentation, it is now fair to scrutinize his own credentials. But this is not tit-for-tat muckraking. Part of Leiken's undue influence on the Nicaraguan debate in Washington has been the perception that he is politically trustworthy; in the testimony to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee on March 4 [1986], he described himself as "an independent witness in a scholarly capacity." "Democratic," "liberal," "intellectual," "well-respected," have been just some of the adjectives used by publications such as *The New Republic* and *Time* magazine to describe Leiken. If he is all these things, we are led to assume, his views must be reasonable and accurate.
>
> But throughout his life Bob has espoused a succession of idiotic political theories. In the late '60s he was a Stalinist; Professor John Womack of M.I.T. describes Leiken as "one of the few people I know who has ever urged his friends to read Stalin." By the end of the '70s he was flirting with Maoism and chummy with the October League. And this wasn't a young student's hot flush; he was nearly 40 at the time.

* Note to feminists: This is *not to imply* that women are less capable than men of indiscriminate fornication, adultery and abundant lusts of flesh and spirit. The Hart item a few weeks ago was a joke, I promise.

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ARTICLES.

FRATS AND SORORITIES

The Greek Rites Of Exclusion

M.G. LORD

My interest in fraternities began innocently, on a balmy night last fall, when a friend and I attempted to drive across the campus of the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor, where, after ten years as a journalist in New York City, I was back in school on a fellowship. We were heading to a movie that people said had great special effects. I couldn't say. Due to the special effects on the street, we never made it to the theater.

Hundreds of white women swarmed along Hill Street—our route and the university's fraternity row. They huddled in packs, hugging and squealing and sometimes singing, defiantly stopping traffic. The crowd reeked of money: pearl necklaces and the effects of orthodontia were everywhere in evidence. According to statistics on sorority membership at Michigan, there must have been a few blacks and Asians present, but I didn't see any. Just four blocks of blond people—Kewpie doll faces, retroussé noses—a living Leni Riefenstahl tableau.

I've since learned that what I witnessed was part of "Rush," the process by which fraternities and sororities select new members, but I had no words for it at the time. My companion, an associate professor of anthropology, was not at a similar loss. She called their strange rites "codified white exclusionary ritual."

About one in four of Michigan's undergraduates participate in this "white exclusionary ritual" each fall, according to Jo Rumsey, the assistant director of housing information. This year 779 new members were inducted into fraternities, almost twice the number that joined in 1975. "We lost 30 to 40 percent of the fraternities in the late sixties and early seventies," Rumsey said, "but since 1975, at least nine chapters—including three which are predominantly Jewish—have come back. They're certainly a strong influence on undergraduate life."

Michigan is not alone in its Greek revival. From the late 1960s to the early 1970s at the University of California, Berkeley, the number of women rushing sororities had dwindled to about 150 per year; now it's five times that. On campuses where chartered sororities never existed—Yale, Princeton, the University of Chicago—new chapters have been "colonized," an interesting choice of verb by a group almost entirely of white Protestants. Even at Amherst College, where fraternities were abolished in 1984, they continue to thrive unofficially off campus. In the past ten years, fraternity membership has doubled—even though the full-time undergraduate population has increased only by 20 percent, from 5 million to 6 million. And undergraduate sorority membership has grown by about 30 percent, from 180,000 in 1975 to 240,000 in 1985.

If any one thing is emblematic of the difference between the class of '87 and the class of '77, I think it's the resurgence of these organizations. During the 1960s and 1970s, students sought alternative social activities that promoted integration and discouraged racism and sexism—activities that many of today's college students consider comical. "We don't have to pay attention to that stuff," an undergraduate quipped only half-facetiously. "Back then they were all on drugs."

Not only have fraternities been resurrected, they've also been cosmetically retouched. Crude proscriptions against blacks and Jews are out. Occasional black members are in, showcased to counter charges of racism. But nothing, in fact, has changed.

These clubs are "racist and anti-Semitic by way of pure deletion," explains Wendy Martin, a recent Michigan graduate who rushed a sorority her senior year as fieldwork for an anthropology course. "It's not so much 'us' and 'them'; they're not even articulated as another. If they don't rush your sorority, they simply don't exist."

And when a few organizations at Michigan ostensibly made a play for minority membership, it backfired. "First I see a Tri-Delt with a sweatshirt on and she never speaks to me, then they send flyers around saying they want their sorority to be more 'diverse.' I think it's a bunch of bullshit," says Mary Walker, a black junior at Michigan. "I can't see joining a white organization if they don't make an effort to get to know me in class. It's hypocritical. It's tokenism. They're just trying to look good."

Add alcohol to the system (which members regularly do) and the tacit racism becomes overt. At the University of Pennsylvania, "Black students regularly report that they are subjected to verbal racial abuse when they walk down Locust Walk," the university's fraternity row, says Jaqui Wade, director of the Afro-American studies program. "It becomes worse on Thursday or Friday or Saturday nights when they're having their parties." And at Michigan this spring three members of Alpha Tau Omega, a predominantly white Christian fraternity, stole a mock jail cell built on campus to publicize the plight of Soviet Jews. Their excuse? "We did so while drunk, without malicious intent."

Ironically, racism was very much a concern at Michigan last winter. Two incidents—the distribution of a racist leaflet in a dormitory and the broadcast of racist jokes by one of the campus radio stations—attracted national media attention. Some students took advantage of the publicity to criticize the low number of minority students on campus and the lower number of minority faculty members.

M.G. Lord is New York Newsday*'s political cartoonist.*

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At no point, however, was the racist behavior of the Greek system challenged. This struck me as odd—particularly since at least one of the incidents, the radio broadcast, seemed almost innocuous when compared with the jarring ritual I'd witnessed on the street the previous fall. Although the contents of the broadcast were repugnant and inappropriate, they were no more revolting than what Manhattan disc jockey Howard Stern—on whom the student host's program was modeled—airs regularly in the undergraduate's hometown. For what the young disc jockey apologetically termed "ninety seconds of bad judgment," he was blasted by *The New York Times*, *Newsweek* and National Public Radio. Yet when 5,000 undergraduates participate in the monthlong white exclusionary rites of Rush, it isn't considered a problem. When I suggested to Michigan president Harold Shapiro that it may be, he responded, "The fraternities are all integrated now."

Violence against women, another component of fraternity life, is more difficult behavior to ignore. Once again the distinction involves language: was the victim "willing" or "raped"? And, as in the case of racially motivated vandalism, alcohol blurs the distinction.

According to Bernice R. Sandler, director of the Association of American Colleges' Project on the Status and Education of Women and co-author, with Julie Kuhn Ehrhart, of *Campus Gang Rape: Party Games?*, at least fifty documented gang rapes have occurred in fraternities in the past two or three years. "Fraternity members have a word for gang rape: they call it 'pulling train,'" says Sandler. "Charts of how many beers it took to seduce various sorority women are common in fraternity houses." And if a woman actually does press charges against a fraternity, "their excuse is, 'She asked for it'—even if she was unconscious."

Often women are reluctant to report rapes because they fear they'll be stigmatized, which is what usually happens, Sandler says. "Fraternity brothers harass them, say they deserved it because they'd been drinking. Well, that's like saying because there's money in your purse you deserve to be robbed." And, adds Sandler, to protect someone accused, "Brothers will remain silent or even lie."

In a paper published last April, Mary Koss, a psychologist at Kent State University, concluded that 15 percent of all college women (a startling one in seven) had had a forced-sex experience that met the legal definition of "completed rape." According to Koss's data, one-on-one acquaintance rape is not restricted to fraternities but, she told me, "We found that a significant predictor of a male's sexual aggression was the extent to which he involved himself in a peer group that sexually objectified women, that discussed women in sexual terms, that created a climate of 'scoring.'"

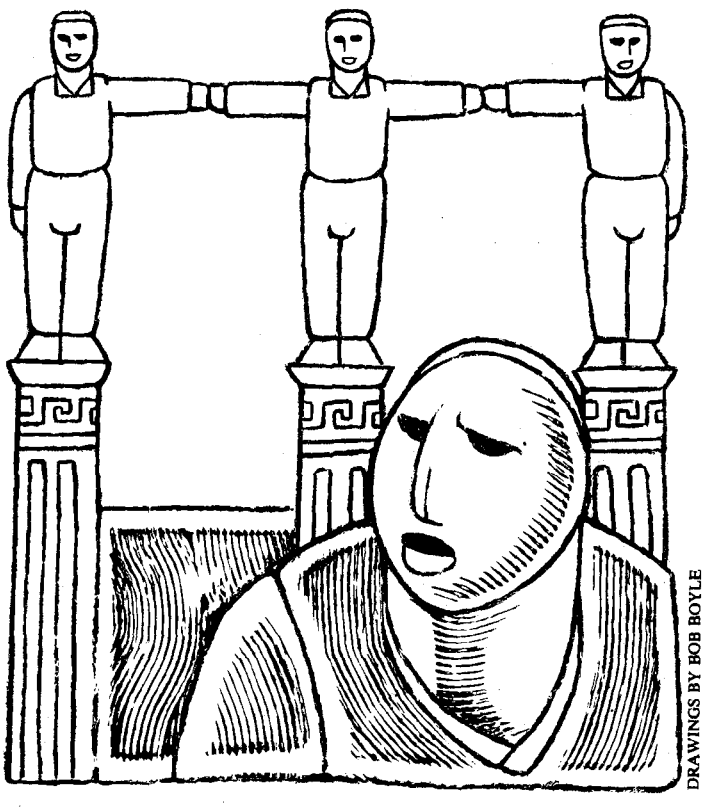
"Studies have shown that men who join fraternities have a much greater need to dominate than those who don't," says Andrew Merton, associate professor of English at the University of New Hampshire, who has written about fraternities and rape since 1979. "I think these men are scared of women, scared of dealing with them in any way approaching a basis of equality. They see women only in a sexual context, in a context where men are rule-makers. And there's a tremendous pressure to drink in fraternities. Drinking allows the guys to act upon the sexual stereotypes in their heads and then say, 'Oh, it wasn't really my fault. I didn't know what I was doing.'"

He adds, "If the fraternities constituted a state of the union, it would be a very small one, with about half the population of Vermont. If, in a state that size, fifty confirmed gang rapes took place within two or three years, impartial observers might begin to wonder about the place."

Of course, not all fraternity members swashbuckle their way through college, raping and pillaging. But any group that sets itself up as elite, discriminates on the basis of race, religion and gender, posts lewd and degrading charts relating to the opposite sex and conspires to protect members from the consequences of criminal activities performed while drunk, seems less likely than other campus clubs to promote sympathy between individuals of different race, religion and sex.

"As a black person, I begin to worry whenever groups—particularly groups of whites—permit themselves a kind of thuggish behavior as a group that they'd never dare to think about as individuals," says James Snead, an assistant professor of English at Yale. "When these kids were growing up, white male America was seen as a country on its way to wimpdom. It was possible to infer that everyone was picking on the white male and that he had no recourse—except to band together and revert to a more primitive kind of behavior."

Jaqui Wade concurs: "These white males who have been socialized to believe that the world was theirs—and they didn't have to compete with black men and women and white women—now feel the tensions of that competition.



DRAWINGS BY BOB BOYLE

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They're very, very threatened and they're acting out."

Four years ago, the Michigan chapter of Sigma Alpha Mu, a predominantly Jewish fraternity, held a "jungle party" at which three members painted their bodies black, wore tribal paint and rings through their noses. After *The Michigan Daily*, the campus newspaper, ran photographs of the event, blacks protested. The group's president claimed to be stunned. "It is difficult to know how minorities feel about certain practices," he said. "There is a lack of knowledge in general as to what those sensitivities are."

Historically, Jews and blacks have responded to white Protestant exclusion by forming their own support groups. In addition to three predominantly Jewish fraternities in the National Interfraternity Conference, and two predominantly Jewish sororities in the National Panhellenic Conference, there is also a black Greek system, the National Pan-Hellenic Council, made up of eight black men's and women's organizations. The oldest black fraternity, Alpha Phi Alpha, was founded at Cornell University in 1906, and its members have included Thurgood Marshall, Martin Luther King Jr. and Andrew Young. Although membership is selective and confers status, black Greek organizations are different from their white counterparts. They rush at different times, and on white campuses they are havens from white exclusion. They also preserve minority culture and prevent dilution of minority identity. In the late 1960s and early 1970s, when white Greek membership plummeted, black Greek membership remained about the same as it is now.

One reason colleges tolerate fraternities is that they can't afford not to. "The reason fraternities don't get abolished in smaller schools is that the trustees are generally terrified of offending the alumni and cutting off large, essential contributions," said G. Armour Craig, acting president of Amherst in 1984, the year fraternities were abolished there. Another is the fiction that if Jews and blacks are allowed to form their own organizations, white exclusiveness is acceptable—the old "separate but equal" refrain.

This leads to packs socializing with packs rather than individuals with individuals. At Michigan, members of Alpha Phi Alpha complain that when they play a "friendly" game of basketball with a white fraternity, it is often anything but. "If the game is close, a white referee will call it their way," says Marcus Webster, former president of Alpha Phi Alpha. "But when we play other black fraternities, the referees let us beat each other up. They don't call anything."

Fraternities are not the same on every campus. For example, half the members of the Yale chapter of the Kappa Kappa Gamma sorority are either Jewish, Hispanic, Asian, American Indian or black. In the Yale environment, the group could almost be described as anti-elitist—the response of public-school girls who couldn't find a place in other organizations. Some members, however, received a rude shock when they stayed on vacation at a Kappa house at the University of California, Los Angeles. "It was another world," said Jennifer Maxwell, a founding member of the Yale chapter. "An immense house with Kappa things everywhere—Kappa jewelry, Kappa clothes, everything. It was supposedly one of the most selective groups. . . .

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Everyone was gorgeous and had blonde hair." She paused. "I would never have been accepted into a group like that." Would anyone in the Yale chapter? "Probably not."

Yet establishing a chapter at Yale—like having a token black—is a public relations coup for the sorority. Like eighteenth-century European empire builders, fraternities must "colonize" to survive. "Most of the interest in them is generated from the outside," said Lloyd Suttle, associate dean of administrative and student affairs at Yale. "We don't give them a room to meet in. They put an ad in the newspaper and rent a room at the Holiday Inn."

And the students clearly want what the organizations have to offer. "It's a cold cruel world out there and you need friends," says Jon Baruch, a member of Alpha Epsilon Pi at Michigan. "A fraternity provides instant friendship." It also provides scholarships, low-interest loans and lodging when one travels. Members talk incessantly about networking with alumni. They point out that twenty-one Presidents, including Ronald Reagan, were in fraternities, not to mention fifty-two current members of the Senate and 33 percent of the House of Representatives. They talk about the time they volunteer to social service and the money they raise for charity. They make fraternities sound like a force for good.

But they're not telling the whole story, which is more along the lines of the following open letter from the grand president of Kappa Alpha Theta (the oldest women's fraternity) to her sisters:

> We still have alumnae who are reluctant to recommend anyone other than the traditional white, Anglo-Saxon Protestant. And this is their right: The purpose of the recommendation system is to give alumnae the opportunity to highlight personal friends and the daughters of friends, not to provide a "ticket" for everyone. . . . Last year, one of our chapters pledged the first black woman on a campus with traditionally "all-white" sorority membership. This year, another Theta chapter on an all-white Greek campus affiliated the first black woman. Both chapters are to be congratulated for not being afraid to take risks. And there were risks. Why? Because there were people who warned the chapters that if they pledged these women, they would not receive recommendations or pledges in the future. And some men's fraternities told the chapters they would not continue to "party" with Thetas at these two schools.

The use of the word "ticket" should dispel any lingering doubts about the practice of "white exclusionary ritual" among fraternal organizations. According to *Webster's Third New International Dictionary*, the word means "a certificate or token of a right . . . as of admission" or "a means to something desirable." It's an unusually vulgar and explicit word—a word that a member would not be likely to use with outsiders; a word that smacks of the 1950s, of a world in which even tokenism is a "risk."

"This is elite ritual practice, not redneck ritual practice," explains Susan Harding, the associate professor of anthropology at the University of Michigan with whom I first glimpsed the rites of Rush. "It's tacky to be verbally racist, but perfectly acceptable to discriminate through your behavior, through your choices. Elite racism is implicit, acted-out, behaved—not expressed in language. And fraternities are a training ground for that kind of elite racial practice."

I'm not advocating the abolition of fraternities. It doesn't work—they spring up unofficially off campus. Nor am I sneering at the impulse to join selective organizations. I remember what it was like to be an adolescent—insecure and character deficient—and although I didn't solicit invitations to belong, I didn't refuse them either. Ironically, though, the secret society I joined at Yale turned out to be exclusionary only in number. Some clever members in the 1960s revamped the organization so that it was half black and Hispanic—and thus could never revert to its original, all-male, all-white status. It was the only fully racially integrated environment I'd ever experienced—considerably richer, I discovered, than being sequestered with Xeroxes of myself. But many kids with my character deficiencies, which I suspect is the majority, won't have the chance to make that discovery. They'll join fraternities instead.

Fraternities invest white bread with cachet. It's an impressive sleight of hand. "They work on your soul," explains Clayton Eshleman, National Book Award–winning poet and translator, who pledged Phi Delta Theta at the University of Indiana in the 1950s. "There were motifs of Greek mythology in the rituals and lots of Greek words in the bylaws. It was a way to give a kind of old, fake European feel to a dull, safe Hoosier life." □

THE SIEGAN NOMINATION

Rolling Back The Constitution

HERMAN SCHWARTZ

Once again, the Reagan Administration has come up with a totally unsuitable candidate for a Federal Court of Appeals appointment. Last year it was Daniel Manion, a lawyer in South Bend, Indiana, who could not write a respectable legal brief and was enthusiastic about the John Birch Society. This year President Reagan has nominated Bernard Siegan to the United States Court of Appeals for the Ninth Circuit, which covers California, Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Nevada, Arizona, Alaska, Montana, Hawaii, Guam and the Northern Marianas. Siegan, a law professor at the University of San Diego and a former colleague of Attorney General Edwin Meese 3d, condemns almost everything the Supreme Court has done in the past 170 years. The Senate Judiciary Committee will soon take up the nomination.

Siegan first made his mark because of his unconventional views on how the Court should deal with economic regula-

Herman Schwartz, a contributing editor of The Nation, *is a professor of law at the American University and editor of* The Burger Years: Rights and Wrongs in the Supreme Court 1969-86 *(Elisabeth Sifton Books/Viking).*

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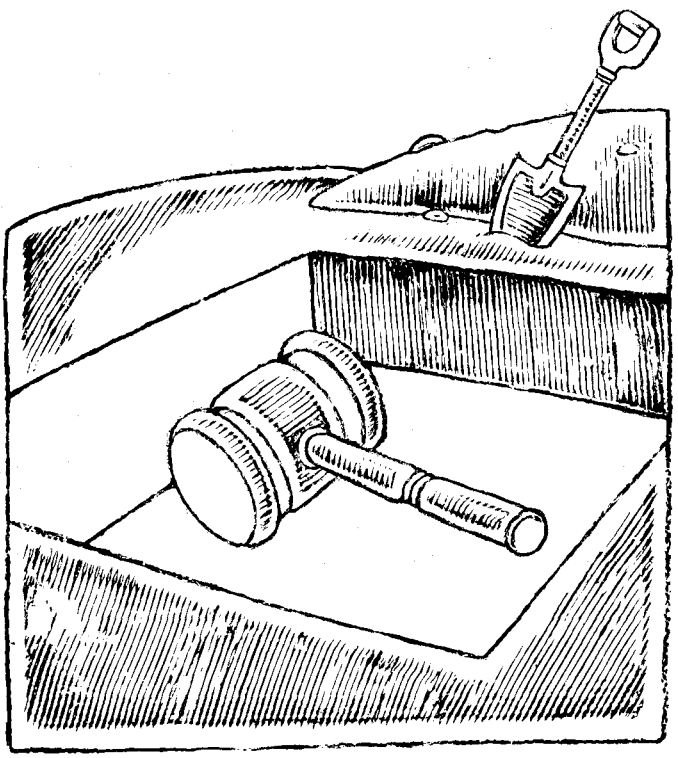
tion. Between 1897 and 1937, the Supreme Court struck down almost 200 state and Federal laws against antiunion discrimination, child labor, excessively long hours, wage regulation and other economic and social measures. The public resentment against those decisions was so strong that Franklin D. Roosevelt made them a major campaign issue in 1936, and the Court soon switched its direction. Since then, no Justice and very few legal scholars have suggested that the Court go back to second-guessing Congress and the state legislatures on economic and social regulation. But Siegan is calling for a return to the good old days.

How can an Administration purportedly committed to judicial restraint pick so blatant a judicial activist? President Reagan, speaking to a group of United States Attorneys on October 21, 1985, said he would appoint lawyers "who understand the danger of short-circuiting the electoral process and disenfranchising the people through judicial activism." Yet Siegan justifies court intervention on behalf of "economic civil rights," because he thinks "many legislators do not have the knowledge, understanding, incentive, or time to create efficient and effective statutes that will not unnecessarily deprive people of their liberties."

And what of the Administration's much-proclaimed championship of states' rights? If Siegan's ideas were adopted, the most frequent casualties of his brand of judicial activism would be thousands of state and local laws on licensing, zoning, safety, rent control and other matters.

Siegan's new book, *The Supreme Court's Constitution*, which will be published this month, provides the answer: Siegan is an interventionist only when it comes to protecting the property of the "haves." In all other respects, he is a fundamentalist who believes in judicial passivity. In just 240 pages, he manages to condemn the Supreme Court's decisions on race and sex discrimination, separation of church and state, Congressional power, libel, free speech and the issuance of paper money; he also strikes glancing blows at its rulings on the Constitution's commerce clause and criminal procedure. All those rulings, he claims, "erode the rule of law" and are worthy of impeachment.



The bizarre quality of Siegan's views is most apparent in his discussion of the 1954 *Brown v. Board of Education* desegregation ruling. He draws a distinction between "civil rights" (the "natural rights" of life, liberty and property) and "political rights" (which flow from government activity). The latter include matters of education, jury service, voting and anything to do with government spending or administration. The Fourteenth Amendment, which prohibits discrimination, protects only civil rights, he says, and not political rights; thus the *Brown* case was decided on the wrong grounds.

The Court's repudiation of school segregation is now holy writ, however, and no politically sensitive writer dares attack that publicly, no matter what his private views. Siegan therefore concocts a justification of his *Brown* result, based on, of all things, the right to travel: black children have a right of access to white schools that is drawn from that constitutional guarantee.

Toward arguments like those, as Professor Charles Black of Columbia University once asked in a related context, "How long must one keep a straight face?" The issue in school segregation is not travel but discrimination. Segregationist school systems don't mind black students traveling—many black students were bused past nearby white schools—they just don't want blacks in the same school as whites or to have them treated equally in any other setting.

More significant, because of its implications for cases that might come before Siegan, is his attack on almost all the Court's desegregation decisions after *Brown*, most of which were unanimous or nearly so. For Siegan, courts have only the power to prohibit unlawful conduct, not to order affirmative relief. In the school desegregation cases, then, the courts should have ordered only a "freedom of choice" to allow blacks to go to white schools and vice versa—under which more than 97 percent of black schoolchildren in the old Confederate states were still going to segregated schools ten years after the *Brown* decision.

This narrow view of Federal judicial power goes beyond the school cases: it would take away a court's ability to remedy race and sex discrimination or to order improvements in unconstitutionally run prisons and juvenile or mental institutions. It is also contrary to what Congress has authorized in many statutes over the years, such as the Institutionalized Persons Civil Rights Act of 1980, which allows the Attorney General to sue state institutions to obtain the type of broad relief Siegan would bar.

Siegan is equally critical of the Supreme Court's 1974 decision denying Richard Nixon's request for an injunction against publishing the Pentagon papers. The Court should not have applied the First Amendment to the President, he says, because that amendment "clearly restrains only Congress." That reasoning leads to the odd notion that a President has

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constitutional carte blanche to suppress speech, press and association. Siegan would also like the 1964 *New York Times v. Sullivan* decision overruled, which curtails the use of state libel laws by public officials to stifle their critics. Siegan is quite content to allow a Montgomery, Alabama, jury to assess a newspaper $500,000 for a few minor mistakes in an advertisement against racist police brutality. The proliferating use of libel laws by police and other public officials to muzzle their opposition doesn't seem to bother Siegan at all.

Siegan also thinks the Constitution does not protect women, or any other group, against discrimination in public spending because no civil rights, under his definition, are affected. He believes as well that the establishment clause of the First Amendment is not binding on the states. Thus, states can require prayer in the schools and can spend as much as they want for religious purposes. He briefly suggests that the equal protection clause does guard against "preference to . . . members of particular religious sects or societies," but since he doesn't think anyone's civil rights are threatened when the state insists on school prayer, or benefits one religion and not another, this doesn't amount to much protection.

The most bizarre aspect of his judicial theory is his assertion that the Federal government has almost no authority beyond the specific powers enumerated in the Constitution: Chief Justice John Marshall was wrong in broadly construing the necessary and proper clause in 1819 in *McCulloch v. Maryland*. The Federal government may not constitutionally issue paper money, charter corporations or indeed do most of what it has been doing since 1789.

How can one entrust a lifetime office with enormous power over American life and law to someone so profoundly opposed to its most basic principles of constitutional law? Siegan will of course tell the Senate, as he has others, that regardless of his personal views he will faithfully follow legal precedent. And obviously he will not vote to overrule *Brown* or *Times v. Sullivan*. But appellate judges have numerous opportunities to undercut those and the many other "constitutional transgression" holdings Siegan thinks thinks worthy of impeachment. Because the Supreme Court can review only a small portion of the decisions by lower courts, Siegan's vote will be important—especially on the Ninth Circuit, which already has several very conservative judges, such as Alex Kozinski, J. Clifford Wallace, John Noonan and Joseph Sneed.

In defending the nomination of William Rehnquist for Chief Justice, Reagan's first Solicitor General, Rex Lee, argued that only those well outside the mainstream of American thought should be disqualified from judicial office. Many of us can easily agree with that—few conservative nominees have been challenged, even those as conservative as Richard Posner, Frank Easterbrook and Robert Bork. But none of those judges hold beliefs as radical as Siegan's. If anyone should fail the Lee test, it is Bernard Siegan. His views, as Professor Laurence Tribe of Harvard said recently, "have been repudiated by every serious student of the Constitution for half a century." □

NAVAJO RELOCATION

Indian Land, White Greed

TREBBE JOHNSON

July 7, 1986, was the Federal deadline for about a hundred Hopi and more than 10,000 Navajo Indians to vacate the Arizona land they had shared for generations but that the government had ordered split between them in 1974, ostensibly to settle a long dispute between the two tribes. Many feared that the dreaded day would end in violence. About 1,200 to 1,500 traditional, sheepherding Navajo families still remained in the former Joint Use Area (J.U.A.), stubbornly refusing to accept that they were living on Hopi land. At Big Mountain, a stronghold of the resistance, members of the American Indian Movement holed up in a survival camp and were ready, as Navajo AIM leader Larry Anderson had told me the preceding April, "to stand by our elders in any way necessary." Senator Barry Goldwater, a staunch advocate of the partition legislation, had declared that he would have no objection to summoning the National Guard to take care of troublemakers. Between Hopis and Navajos, who had no dispute until Congress intervened, accusations flew about maimed cattle and burned hogans.

In fact, however, it had been increasingly obvious for months that this was one deadline the government would not be able to enforce. The Navajo and Hopi Indian Relocation Commission (commonly called the F.R.C., for Federal relocation commission), located in Flagstaff, Arizona, had managed to move only about 4,100 people into replacement housing. The New Lands—365,000 acres south of the reservation, near Chambers, which the Navajo tribe had acquired by December 1985 as a prospective homesite for about 1,500 relocatees—were undeveloped except for one uninhabited house and a well that pumped water of dubious quality. So July 7 passed quietly for the Navajos of the J.U.A.

Perhaps the most frequent visitors these days to Big Mountain and other J.U.A. settlements where juniper smoke still curls from the hogans are Bureau of Indian Affairs representatives, who have come to counsel people (some say harass) about the supposed benefits of moving to the New Lands. Although some members of Congress contend that relocation would provide the Indian people, as Goldwater had claimed in 1974, "a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to better their living conditions," it soon became apparent that transplanting self-sufficient sheepherders to tract housing in reservation border towns was going to create big problems.

Trebbe Johnson has covered the Navajo-Hopi land issue for Amicus Journal *and for National Public Radio; she is planning to write a book about it.*

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In 1980 Congress tried to improve what was becoming a tragic and, from the government's point of view, humiliating, situation. It passed an amendment to the Navajo-Hopi Relocation Act of 1974 that entitled the Navajo tribe to select up to 250,000 acres of public land in Arizona as compensation for the 900,000 acres they would lose to the Hopis. According to Kathy Helmer, the New Lands coordinator at the B.I.A., which along with the F.R.C. is responsible for developing the tract, the New Lands "provide an alternative for people who want to continue their rural life style."

"Nobody knows what's going on around here," said Wayne Lynch, a young Navajo-Anglo F.R.C. employee who lists among his responsibilities driving reporters and prospective homesteaders around the New Lands, repairing fences and "showing those government employees in their three-piece suits how to open a gate." Early this year Lynch's pickup jounced this reporter over roads the oncoming spring was turning to muddy tracks. The wild, beautiful land looked innocent enough. Under turquoise skies, the dark junipers, spiky gray-green yucca and lime stalks of snakeweed contrasted sharply with the waters of the Rio Puerco, a shallow red river curling through high red banks. At the New Lands range unit the B.I.A. calls Little Silversmith, some half-dozen houses were in the early stages of construction.

In fact, the sluggish waters of the Rio Puerco are responsible for some of the government's difficulty in persuading families to move to the New Lands, where a total of twenty range units are planned. In 1979 a tailings mill dam collapsed sixty miles upstream, at United Nuclear Corporation's uranium mine in Church Rock, dumping 94 million gallons of radioactive water into the Rio Puerco. Although the F.R.C. denied that the groundwater on the New Lands had been contaminated by heavy metals from the spill, the Nuclear Regulatory Commission called it (before Chernobyl) the worst contamination in the history of the nuclear industry, and attorney Lew Gurwitz of the Big Mountain Legal Defense/Offense Committee kept pressuring for a thorough study. A U.S. Geological Survey report, published in March, concludes, "In many samples, trace-element and radionuclide concentrations exceeded water-quality standards of the State of Arizona."

Gurwitz, his two law partners and their staff of volunteers opposing the Navajo relocation have seized upon the U.S.G.S. report as further evidence that the land settlement act ought to be repealed. But the contamination of groundwater explains only why the Navajos should not be moved to that particular area; as an argument it sidesteps the real issue, which is whether they should be moved at all. Traditional Indians regard their land as a living spiritual entity that cannot be divided, sold or traded for any other land. That is the real reason the B.I.A. has managed to sign on only nineteen families for relocation in the past year.

"They tell you they have thirty-four, but they don't tell you about the ones who changed their minds," said Ella Bedonie of Coal Mine Mesa, at the western border of the partitioned land. She said that while her family would not consider relocating, some have been won over by the B.I.A.'s sales techniques, which include offering a three-day tour of the New Lands. "There were fifteen families from here who were going to move," said Bedonie. "They were told they would be given eighty head of sheep if they'd relocate, and then, after they agreed, they found out they wouldn't get nearly that many. Now they don't want to go."

The system the government uses to calculate how much livestock to allot to a relocating family as an incentive is complicated, and it is possible that confusion, not deceit, accounts for the discrepancy Bedonie described. Other charges of misrepresentation are more serious. At Mosquito Springs, not far from Coal Mine Mesa, two elderly women who neither read nor speak English were shocked to find that

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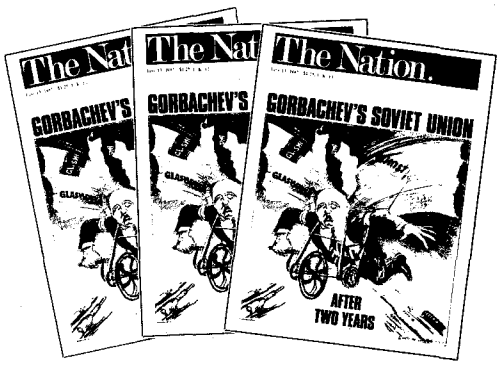

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they had put their thumbprints on a document that was not, as they had been told, a confirmation that a counselor had spoken to them but an agreement to relocate.

The means by which the New Lands changed hands provokes questions as well. Since wealthy Mormon ranchers in House Rock Valley, north of the reservation, and indignant citizens in Winslow, to the south, had already raised strenuous objections when the Navajos were considering Federal land in their vicinities, the tribe's land office decided to investigate acquiring five privately owned ranches (totaling 215,000 acres) near Chambers. Two of the five property owners were not enticed by the Bureau of Land Management's subsequent offer to exchange their land for B.L.M. land elsewhere. A private speculator, multimillionaire Charles Crowder, then stepped in. He bought the two reluctant ranchers' land, a combined 41,000 acres, for $3.8 million, then deeded the property to the B.L.M. in exchange for 21,000 acres in Santa Teresa, New Mexico (where one of the nation's newest border-crossing stations opened in August 1986), and 1,400 acres near Hillsboro, New Mexico. Crowder, whose holdings in Santa Teresa include a large share of the Rio Grande basin's underground water rights, has plans to build a binational industrial park in the area.

Some people believe that a few Arizona politicians and business tycoons devised the 1980 amendment to the 1974 land bill not to assist the Navajos but to facilitate a large-scale development scheme of their own. Photojournalist Dan Budnik, a freelancer who has been covering the issue for more than a decade, says he has gathered evidence that appraisals of both the New Lands and of Crowder's property were fraudulent. "The relocation commission controlled the entire appraisal," said Budnik. "Why have they refused to get any independent bids on the land?"

Another source familiar with the transaction, who asked not to be named, said the Navajos "were deliberately steered to that land, and when they got there, Crowder was waiting in the wings."

(Even in the Arizona desert, however, it is not easy to locate a quarter-million acres that nobody wants; and by the time the Navajos' land office considered the property along the Rio Puerco, it had practically no options left. Also, though Crowder will probably take advantage of cheap Mexican labor and precious Rio Grande water to realize his lucrative dreams, no hard proof has yet been produced that he or any government official exploited the Navajos in the process.)

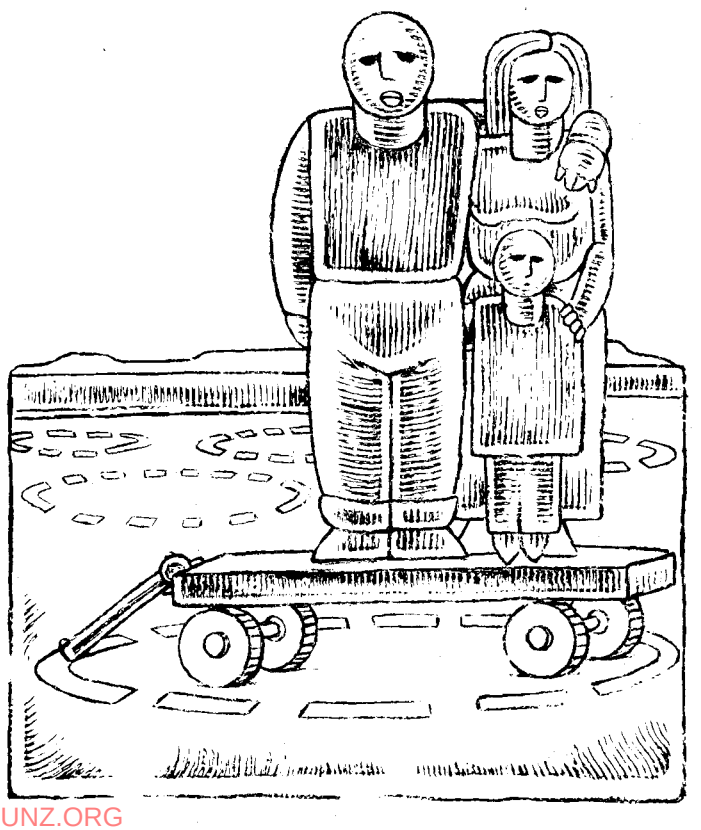
Conspiracy theories have long shadowed the Navajo-Hopi land issue. Echoing the sentiments of many Navajos and some Hopis, Bedonie said, "The Navajo and Hopi people have no dispute. It's the government that's doing this to us. I think the Hopis may have the land for a while, but then the government and the energy companies will step in."

News reports, from Jerry Kammer's groundbreaking stories in the Gallup *Independent* in the early 1970s to a *20/20* broadcast by ABC last year, have pointed out that many of the partition bill's wealthiest and most outspoken advocates had private interests in energy development projects. A few reporters, including Marc Sills writing in *The Progressive*, see the legislation as part of a plot, implicating the Hopi Tribal Council, the Peabody Coal Company, some officials of the Interior Department and members of Congress, who "want to move the Navajo off this land, and see its coal and uranium as vital to their grand design for energy production in the Southwest."

Broken Rainbow, the Academy Award–winning feature-length documentary by Victoria Mudd and Mario Florio, makes similar charges. The film, which is shown frequently at Big Mountain Support Group meetings around the country, intercuts footage of Navajo elders in colorful traditional clothing with scenes of the roar and filth at Peabody Coal Company's 65,000-acre Black Mesa strip mine just north of the Joint Use Area.

That self-interest contributed to, and perhaps even caused, this disastrous packet of legislation is apparent. But was it a conspiracy? "Well, it was a conspiracy among big business to lower the mineral royalties they had to pay the tribes," said Navajo attorney Louis Denetsosie. "It was a conspiracy within the Navajo and Hopi tribes to get royalties higher. [The Anglo lawyers representing both tribes] were interested in getting a lot of land for 'their' Indians and a lot of fame and money for themselves. It was about minerals, sure, but it wasn't some grand conspiracy."

Hopi Tribal Council chair Ivan Sidney blames "the Big Mountain people," that is, the Big Mountain Legal Defense/Offense Committee, with its mostly young and long-haired Anglo volunteers, for the conspiracy theories. The media and the committee's flyers have portrayed Sidney as a "puppet" of Washington mining lobbyists. When I spoke with him in March he was particularly upset because gifts of food, hay and supplies that he'd had flown to stranded J.U.A. Navajos during a recent blizzard had gone unacknowledged by the storm victims themselves and by the press.



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"The Hopi prophecy tells us that there is coal in this land," Sidney said, responding to a question about the future of the land that will belong to his tribe once the Navajos have been relocated. "Our ancestors have told us that we must educate our children about the sacredness of the land. Some time in the distant future the minerals may be needed for the whole earth, and only then can we allow them to be used." Since 1979 Sidney has enforced a moratorium on development of natural resources on Hopi land.

Even traditional Hopis who deplore the strip mining of Black Mesa and the relocation of the Navajos cite that prophecy. So perhaps the future of the partitioned land rests not with Peabody Coal, or even with Washington, but with the people who sit on the Hopi Tribal Council, and on how they interpret "distant future."

Relocation is so harsh and inhumane a policy that the mind naturally wants to assign a heinous motive to those who enforce it. But consecutive events are not necessarily causal events. Sadly, the indications are that it was greed on the part of a few wealthy individuals and old-fashioned paternalism toward Indians on the part of the Federal government that created the so-called Navajo-Hopi land dispute.

And the process continues. By May the Federal relocation commission had moved about 4,700 people. About 4,000 more, who voluntarily abandoned their homes in compliance with the law, now await replacement housing. Meanwhile, they are refugees on the land their forebears inhabited for more than 300 years. On the New Lands, a few ugly houses are supposed to be ready for occupancy by midsummer.

At the B.I.A. office, New Lands coordinator Kathy Helmer is optimistic. A former Peace Corps volunteer with an advanced degree in anthropology, Helmer says that the last place she ever expected to work was in a Federal agency. Now, however, she looks forward to helping turn the New Lands into a real community. "Our clients are very talented," she told me. "We have medicine men, weavers. I hope to hook them up with grass-roots organizations to help them develop these skills." She is sincere and she means well. Like so many government employees before her, she believes she knows what is best for Indian people. □

EXCHANGE.

(*Continued From Page 2*)

in them over the past nine years, Newfield can cite only three examples of appointments which he sees as evidence of political patronage, only two of whom were commissioners. One of the two is Jay Turoff, former chair of the Taxi and Limousine Commission. The fact is, Turoff was appointed by Mayor Beame to a vested term as a member of the T.L.C. He was appointed chair in 1977, the year before I took office. Five years later, he was reappointed by me on the recommendations of an outside, respected expert on the taxi industry and my own staff transportation adviser.

The other example on which Newfield relies is the appointment of Anthony Ameruso as Commissioner of the Department of Transportation. Ameruso had been in the Department of Transportation for close to twenty years, and at the time I appointed him he was serving as Commissioner of Highways. The year before, he had been one of only two commissioners in the Beame administration recognized for outstanding management skills. While he was not the choice of the screening panel I had asked to review candidates for the post, neither were, in other instances, Robert McGuire, my first Police Commissioner; Nathan Leventhal, my first Housing Preservation and Development Commissioner (and later Deputy Mayor for Operations); or Frank McArdle, my first Commissioner of the Department of Environmental Protection. The reason Newfield did not bother to refer to those individuals is because each has been recognized as an outstanding choice and all have contributed much to the life of this city.

In fact, Newfield has to torture his reasoning to arrive at his conclusion because he knows full well my appointments to the rank of commissioner have overwhelmingly been of the highest quality and that the individuals appointed have never been involved in politics in any way.

The fact is, even those few who had previous political involvement were either reformers or individuals clearly outside party control. Specifically, Robert Wagner Jr., who had been a candidate for borough president and was my first chair of the City Planning Commission (and who later became a Deputy Mayor and is now president of the Board of Education), is well known to Newfield as totally honest, principled, brilliant and beyond the control or influence of any political boss or special interest group.

Similarly, Henry Stern, formerly a City Councilman and state vice chair of the Liberal Party (a party that has been consistently at odds with me), was made Parks Commissioner for the very reasons that Newfield ignores. Stern, who has been a friend of Newfield's for twenty years or so, is impeccable, knowledgeable, creative and, most important, totally nonpolitical in his governmental function.

Parenthetically, perhaps the most despicable aspect of Newfield's dishonest piece is that he selected *The Nation* as the forum to defame a deceased editorials editor for the *New York Post*, Bruce Rothwell. If Rothwell were alive, he would be quite capable of defending himself. Rothwell was the essence of integrity, professionalism and class.

Newfield attempts to defame Rothwell's memory by claiming that he was less than independent in his editorial commentary on city government. He asserts that Rothwell's editorials were dictated by me or a member of my staff. Newfield's proof? That such a charge had once appeared in the bound galleys of a book by Tom Goldstein. Neither I nor any member of my staff could have compromised an individual of Rothwell's character in such a way as to cause him to publish any editorial that was not written by him or did not represent his newspaper's views.

The fact is that Rothwell, like all responsible editorial writers, would call the relevant people in government to obtain the facts on a particular issue. Fact-finding of this sort is undoubtedly foreign to Newfield. The irony of Newfield's challenge to Rothwell's independence as an editor and journalist is that Rothwell has been widely praised for that very thing. He is known for being one of the first correspondents to have criticized the Vietnam War and to have accurately reported the atrocities he witnessed in the war zone (see Phillip Knightley's *The First Casualty: From the Crimea to Vietnam: The War Correspondent as Hero, Propagandist, and Myth Maker*). Newfield's attack on the reputation of a deceased journalist with no more proof than a supposed reference in a draft work is cowardly and unconscionable.

According to Newfield, "During the runoff Koch made a deal with the Democratic Party bosses. They all endorsed him in exchange for promises of patronage and access." Clear and simple, that is a lie. Although I was endorsed by some county leaders during the runoff election (none had supported me during the primary), there was never a quid pro quo or any other arrangement for government jobs and access. I have been on record consistently for more than twenty-five years as opposed to political patronage, even though it may be neither illegal nor unethical. It is just not my style or philosophy.

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Newfield writes that "Koch gave party bosses like [Meade] Esposito, Stanley Friedman . . . and the late Donald Manes of Queens control over patronage, blocs of jobs and sometimes whole city agencies." A total fabrication. The only knowledge I have of Manes ever supporting candidates for jobs at the Parking Violations Bureau is Manes's recommendation that Lester Shafran, then director of the bureau, be made First Deputy Commissioner of the Transportation Department, and that Geoffrey Lindenauer take Shafran's place as P.V.B. director. In both instances, although Shafran and Lindenauer had worked for the city for ten or more years, someone else was given the job. The reason is not that I did not respect Manes but that the decisions were made on the merits.

Newfield writes that "On July 1, 1980, Koch appointed Lindenauer to be Assistant Commissioner/Deputy Director of the P.V.B., although the man had no apparent qualifications for the job." Another lie.

I have never met Geoffrey Lindenauer. I have no recollection of ever having seen him. I certainly never appointed him to anything. The Commissioner of Transportation made the judgments on who would run the subunits of his department. In this case, his decision involved an appointment to a lower-level job, i.e., one of the deputies to a unit head.

Newfield writes that "Koch began as a reformer who once called Eleanor Roosevelt a sell-out because she wouldn't back him in a losing Assembly campaign in 1962." Wrong. Eleanor Roosevelt endorsed me in that election. This should have been easy enough for Newfield to research. His failure to do so is appalling.

Newfield says that "In 1981 [the Republicans] gave their endorsement to Koch in exchange for a few jobs." Again, wrong. They endorsed me. There was no quid pro quo. There were no jobs.

Newfield asserts that in 1980 I performed a "favor," as he puts it, for Rupert Murdoch, by reducing the *New York Post* building's real estate tax assessment by $1 million in exchange for favorable press treatment.

In my view, what Newfield has written there is outright libel. Were it not virtually impossible to prove, as the law requires, that Newfield wrote with malice and reckless disregard of the truth (a doctrine behind which Newfield surely would cower), I'd take him to court. I have no role in reducing assessments and I had no knowledge of any matter involving the *Post*'s building either before the Tax Commission or otherwise. Most important, I have never had a conversation with a member of the Tax Commission, its staff or anyone else on any matter before that commission.

For Jack Newfield, truth is putty, to be twisted and squeezed into one fantastic shape or another. The result is an ugly self-portrait of the artist as a bitter man.

Mayor Edward I. Koch

NEWFIELD REPLIES

New York City

Like most great politicians, Ed Koch is the master of the plausible lie. He knows how to insulate himself from public accountability, how to create an impression that isn't quite reality. For Koch, as for most successful politicians, the truth is just a problem to be handled. His career is a tribute to his talent for selling the plausible lie.

When Koch first ran a full race for Mayor, in 1977, he was worried about rumors that he was gay. So he conscripted former Miss America Bess Myerson to hold his hand, kiss him, gaze into his eyes and give out hints they might get married. Myerson made TV commercials for Koch; Myerson stood next to him in the basic campaign poster. Gossip columnists speculated about the romance. But there was no romance. It was an immaculate deception, a consumer fraud by the city's former Consumer Commissioner. But it helped elect Ed Koch.

The Mayor's letter is another expression of his awesome skill at substituting imagery and wish fulfillment for reality. For him to claim, at this late date, to have run an honest government is like Pol Pot claiming to have directed a humanitarian regime or the Rev. Jim Bakker to claim the virtues of sexual abstinence and material frugality.

When Koch first became Mayor, he told reporters he wanted a new car, one that "looks like a Chevy on the outside, and a Rolls-Royce on the inside." And Koch has applied that same devious duality to governing, wearing integrity like a hair shirt on the outside, while presiding over sleaze and decadence on the inside.

Just add up the crime rate in City Hall since January 1986. Koch's Parking Violations Bureau Commissioner, Lester Shafran, has been convicted of felonies. Shafran's deputy, Geoffrey Lindenauer, pleaded guilty to extortion and testified for the government. Bronx Democratic Party boss Stanley Friedman, a key Koch supporter who was given control over hundreds of city patronage jobs, has been sentenced to twelve years in prison for converting a Koch administration agency into a racketeering enterprise. Koch's Commissioner of Transportation, Anthony Ameruso, has been indicted for perjury. Meade Esposito, the Brooklyn Democratic Party boss (whose endorsement in 1977, Koch boasted in his second book, *Politics*, had to be kept secret), has been indicted for conspiracy. Jay Turoff, Koch's Taxi and Limousine Commissioner, has been convicted of tax evasion, and has been indicted in Federal Court on a second charge of bribery and fraud. Donald Manes, whom Koch frequently endorsed as his successor as Mayor, and who was the Queens Democratic Party boss, committed suicide before he could be brought to trial. And Bess Myerson, Koch's Commissioner of Cultural Affairs, has been accused of fixing a judge, not disclosing expensive gifts, "misuse of office," lying to the press and ordering a subordinate to lie to Koch, in a report commissioned by the Mayor. Koch says he is personally honest, but his administration is the most corrupt in New York since the nineteenth century.

The main contention of Koch's reply seems to be that his administration is totally independent of the clubhouse machine and does not engage in political patronage to strengthen that machine. There is abundant evidence to refute that preposterous assertion. And the best evidence is the Mayor's own words.

In his second book, Koch quoted himself talking to Manes, Friedman, Esposito and the other Democratic Party bosses at City Hall. Koch quoted himself as saying to them:

> I will support your candidates for public office unless I have reason to believe they're corrupt, but other than that I'm not going to go into the question as to whether or not they are equal to, better than or worse than their opponents. If they're yours, I'm for them. And, secondly, I will come to your fundraisers, and if my name is helpful in raising money, fine.

Koch went on to write in 1985: "I have never deviated from either of these two positions." And he added: "I know that every one of my commissioners, with maybe a few exceptions, makes deals with the county chairmen and the district leaders."

On February 24, 1986, as the scandal was first unfolding, Koch made a speech at City Hall in which he admitted giving the party bosses too much influence over his government. The next day's front-page headline in *The New York Times* was: "Koch Concedes His Ties to Party Were Too Close."

Koch admitted in that story: "As a result of having to work with the established political structure to resolve the fiscal crisis, my administration lost the distance and the controls I had hoped to maintain in order to avoid the undue influence of party leaders on the workings of government."

The same false and self-serving alibi is used by Koch in his letter to *The Nation*. He takes credit for solving the fiscal crisis and blames his abdication of power to the party bosses on the need to get their cooperation for austerity.

The fact is, the fiscal crisis of 1975-76 was largely settled before Koch was sworn in as Mayor on January 1, 1978. Most of the sacrifices, which were disproportionately borne by the poor, were completed before 1978. These included: the elimination of 60,000 city jobs; a wage freeze for municipal workers; severe service cutbacks in day care, police, health care and education; a rise in the mass transit fare from 35 cents to 50 cents; and the abolition of free tuition at City University. All this was done while Abe Beame was still Mayor.

The simple truth is, Koch gave so much

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power to Friedman, Manes and Esposito in order to get elected and to keep political control of the Board of Estimate and the City Council, because the party bosses controlled the nominations to those democratic institutions, and New York is a one-party city.

Koch did try to insulate himself from the daily operations of clubhouse patronage. Of course he did not personally hire Lindenauer as a deputy commissioner. He let party bosses like Friedman, Manes and Esposito pick his commissioners, and then those clubhouse-owned commissioners picked the assistant commissioners. Esposito picked Ameruso, and Ameruso picked Lindenauer. Koch knew and looked the other way. When they got caught, he shouted about his own honesty. In the book *I, Koch* by Arthur Browne, Dan Collins and Michael Goodwin, Esposito is quoted as saying Koch "catered to us, in patronage, whatever."

The *Daily News* endorsed Koch for Mayor in 1977, 1981 and 1985. The paper supported him for Governor in 1982. Koch can't say The *News* has always been against his administration, as he can say fairly about *The Village Voice*. But on June 14, the *News*'s editorial on the Myerson scandal sums up the historical truth from an objective perspective:

> Throughout his career, Koch has sung often and loudly about honesty in government. But today it is obvious, shockingly transparent, that while Koch has been Mayor a lot of people—[Alex] Liberman, [Victor] Botnick, Ameruso, Lindenauer, Turoff, [John] McLaughlin, Myerson and others—were hearing a different tune: "Anything Goes."
>
> How come? Maybe they saw a contradiction between Koch's political oratory and his private conduct. A double standard. Like Koch's raising huge campaign warchests from people who do business with the city. Like his coziness with political bosses—Manes, Friedman, Esposito—and his giving them free run of selected agencies.
>
> . . .
>
> Koch must stop trying to kid New Yorkers that the problem is just a few black sheep. He must recognize that his signals contradict his assertions of personal honesty.
>
> He must understand that by peering—or pointing—far into the future, he has been missing something. Or ignoring it: Corruption that has been growing, and seething, right under his nose. And he must recognize that it has become harder and harder to believe that he cares enough to do anything about it. Harder and harder to trust him.

During Friedman's trial for racketeering, his telephone logs were placed into evidence by the government. They show how Koch's administration really worked. One caller left the Bronx boss a message that he "took the parks job," and is "eternally grateful," and will "do his best to fulfill his obligations." Stanley Wolf, Commissioner of the Board of Standards and Appeals (which grants lucrative zoning variances to landlords), asked in a message, "When should he hand in his resignation?" Friedman's notation next to the message was: "Today. Get him a Department of General Services job."

Koch boasts that his appointments to the civil and criminal courts have been good. I agree. I have praised these appointments in *The Village Voice*, which Koch neglected to mention in his rush to personalize every disagreement. But at the same time, Koch allowed the party bosses to control the nominations for the more important State Supreme Court judgeships. And it has now been established that those party bosses (in particular Friedman and Esposito) were remarkably close to certain Mafia chiefs. Friedman's diaries show he met with Anthony (Fat Tony) Salerno, a member of the mob's national commission, while Salerno was under indictment. Esposito met regularly with mob bosses Paul Vario and Jimmy Napoli. Serious concern about an independent and influence-free judiciary should have led Koch to challenge the immense power Friedman and Esposito had over the selection of judges.

On the question of responsibility for all this civic plunder and squander of taxpayer money, I return to the Mayor's own words and his own standards.

In 1982 Koch was running against Mario Cuomo for the governorship. Several years earlier, one of Cuomo's employees had pleaded guilty to placing five phantom persons on Cuomo's payroll and pocketing the money. In a debate, Koch raised this episode and said that he should be impeached if he ever carried five phantoms on his payroll. What has been exposed in the past eighteen months is much more systemic, bigger, than five nonexistent persons on a payroll.

Koch makes reference to Robert Wagner and to my relationship with him. Wagner, who has held various positions in three Koch administrations, is an honorable and scholarly public official. Because of appointees like Wagner (and Police Commissioner Robert McGuire, Parks and Recreation Commissioner Gordon Davis, Fire Commissioner Joe Hynes and Deputy Mayors Herman Badillo and Basil Paterson) Koch's first term as Mayor can be assessed to have been a semi-reform administration.

The reason I opposed Koch's renomination in 1981 is that I felt he was guilty of discrimination against blacks. He had just closed a hospital in medically underserved Harlem for no good reason. Koch was also indifferent to the serious problem of police brutality. In my mind, this deep personal flaw of prejudice outweighed his positive managerial and morale contributions up to that point.

It has been Koch's second and third terms as Mayor that have been dominated by stealing, cover-up and hostility to whistle blowers, who have tried to warn him and the public. A principal cause of this deterioration was that the party bosses became the equivalent of baseball free agents when Koch decided to run for Governor in 1982. He had to renegotiate his arrangements with the party machines and Koch did receive their unanimous support. Even Manes, the self-described "King of Queens," backed Koch for governor, even though Cuomo was a resident of Queens. After Koch lost to Cuomo, he sank into a lengthy depression, during which the rapacious party bosses consolidated their control over more of Koch's government—like the Parking Violations Bureau. And by then, Hynes, Davis, Badillo, Paterson and McGuire were gone from the administration.

On one small point I freely concede I made an error. During his 1962 campaign for the State Assembly, Koch did not call Eleanor Roosevelt a "sell-out." He said that about former Senator Herbert Lehman and former Mayor Robert Wagner, who had endorsed his opponent—which reminds me of a final point. I predict that Koch will run for re-election in 1989 on a platform plagiarized from Wagner's 1961 campaign. He will run against his own record. He will run against the party bosses. He will try to rewrite history one more time. But the lie will no longer be plausible.

Even now, two years before he must face the voters again, Koch is finished. He is trying to revive himself with demagogic appeals to popular prejudice. One day he is proposing compulsory AIDS testing for all tourists entering New York City, the next day he is pandering to the beast by praising the Goetz jury and calling the vigilante's victims dehumanizing names.

But it is too late. He is like a punch-drunk fighter in an empty gym. He has lost his self-respect. New York's basic services are inadequate. Corruption is rampant. Racial tension is acute. The homeless fill the streets of the richest city-state on earth. The administration is exhausted, defensive and bankrupt of remedies that might change reality.

When Koch was riding high and on the cover of *Time* and getting a 70 percent approval rating, I wrote that there were 10,000 people who wanted to be the *second* person to kick Koch if he was ever down, because he had been so needlessly cruel to so many people when he was on top.

Now Koch is down, and 10,000 people are waiting on line. *Jack Newfield*

The Nation welcomes letters—typed, double spaced and no longer than 300 words, please. Longer letters may be edited for reasons of space.

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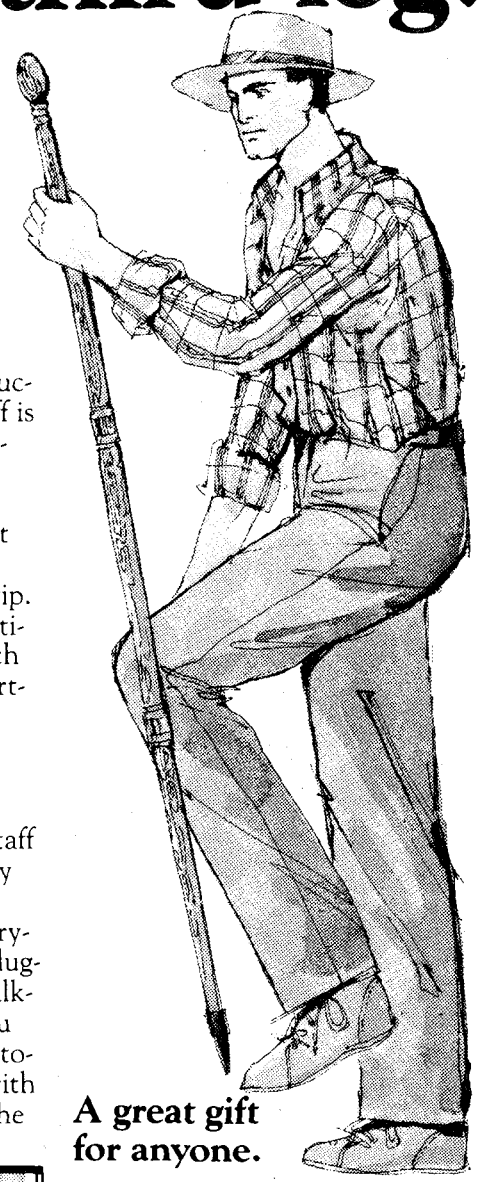

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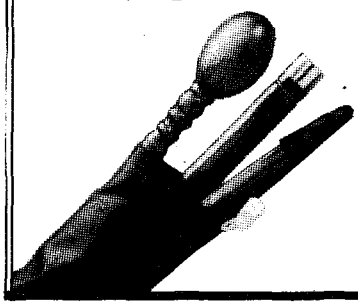

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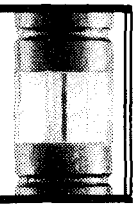

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Courting Disaster

JOE CONASON

WALTZING WITH A DICTATOR: The Marcoses and the Making of American Policy. *By Raymond Bonner. Times Books. 533 pp. $19.95.*

For those who witnessed it, the fall of the Marcos Reich was electrifying. Its waves of emotion were so powerful as to be transmitted almost intact via satellite. As the TV images flickered from the comic strip greed of the conjugal dictators to Cory's saintly crusade, from the stolen election to the miraculous revolt, a cathartic imperative seized the world: Depose the tyrants.

This powerful mood encouraged an obsession with symbols, not a close scrutiny of things as they are. When, for instance, Raymond Bonner wrote on *The New York Times*'s Op-Ed page a few weeks before the vote that Aquino's election would probably not improve social conditions in the Philippines or deflect impending civil war, his analysis was greeted scornfully as unhelpful defeatism. The yellow revolution's emotional current contradicted Bonner's pessimism, and one senses from his later writing that he, too, permitted himself to hope. Aquino's rhetoric was nationalist and social democratic. She had promised both earnest negotiations with communist insurgents and thoroughgoing land reform, to include her own family's sugar estate.

But to reread Bonner's brief essay after a year of the Aquino regime is to see how coldly prescient he was. The civil war has arrived in the archipelago's cities, complete with nascent death squads and American advisers; there is little hope of progress against poverty or debt; and both the U.S. and Philippine governments have focused their energies on military solutions to insurgency. What Bonner learned in reporting *Waltzing With a Dictator*, his excellent account of U.S. relations with Marcos, is that America's dance with the Philippines was likely to remain the same even without the dictator. The music and the steps are certainly familiar: we keep our military bases, which are still considered geopolitically vital, and the Philippine government gets more aid; the Philippines provides cheap labor and open markets, and we maintain our enormous economic investments there.

Proceeding chronologically through the Marcos years, taking each American President in turn, Bonner discovered the dialectic of "stability": as long as he respected American interests, Marcos could perpetrate human rights violations and the largest armed robbery in modern history without criticism from Washington. To our military thinkers and policy-making intellectuals, these were secondary matters. The few who cared enough to speak out were ignored, until the "stable" regime had turned into its opposite: a tyranny about to fall. What makes this particularly poignant is that many Filipinos continue to believe in the decent intentions of the United States, an illusion that is slowly being replaced by a credulous faith in the virtue of their own elites. Our paternalism has been so overwhelming, our culture so pervasive, that it still shocks Filipinos to recognize that American concern for their nation has little to do with benevolence.

In his summary of American-Philippine relations before Marcos, Bonner offers substantial evidence against the myth of a democratic America shedding grace on its former colony, wrested from the Spanish in our first imperialist war, in 1898, and granted official independence in 1946. Bonner doesn't completely discount the notion that American values, particularly regarding individual freedoms, universal education and an independent judiciary, have benefited the Philippines. Unfortunately, these gifts came wrapped from the beginning in economic coercion, military occupation and covert manipulation. "Democracy" in the Philippines was a joke among American insiders long before George Bush raised a toast to the fraudulent Marcos election in 1981. The world is probably no longer capable of being shocked by C.I.A. anecdotes, but Bonner's description of the agency's role in pre-Marcos elections contains some genre classics.

In the early 1950s the agency, under the aegis of the late, legendary Edward Lansdale, undertook to elect "America's boy"—the populist and anticommunist Ramón Magsaysay—by drugging one of his opponents to make him appear incoherent. Another opponent, the revered nationalist Claro Recto, was briefly targeted for assassination; in the end, the agency merely distributed packages of damaged condoms with Recto's name on them. When Lansdale's candidate failed to follow orders, the C.I.A. man is said to have actually punched him out.

Such tales frame the more important story, told briefly but compellingly here, of how Lansdale created the C.I.A.'s counterinsurgency strategy against the Huk rebellion in the Philippines, which he then took to Vietnam—and which survives him under the Orwellian banner of "low-intensity conflict." Lansdale, unlike his Reaganite admirers, understood that economic oppression, not Soviet agitation, inspires revolution. But U.S. policy was based on the simpler proposition that protecting American military bases and American economic privileges means defeating subversion. A natural alliance developed with feudal oligarchs and corrupt warlords, in the guise of a "two-party" system.

Bonner's accounts of Philippine politics are not comprehensive or profound, and sometimes this weakens his analysis. He devotes little space, for example, to the reasons for Magsaysay's popularity, or to what the American boy did as president, matters that deserve exploration now that Aquino has clearly decided to emulate her predecessor's liberal anticommunism. She frequently referred to the former president in her campaign speeches, often in the same breath as she mentioned her husband, who worked for him. Like Magsaysay, she also appears to have given the C.I.A. a free hand in Manila; the station there has reportedly been greatly expanded in the past year.

Still, Bonner was probably right to avoid a labored dissection of the Philippines' political parties and factions, which, as he notes, have historically been driven by personalities, not ideologies or issues. The book does offer a valuable and sophisticated sketch of Ninoy Aquino, the Kennedy-like martyr whose 1983 assassination turned his wife into an icon. Bonner delves be-

Joe Conason is national correspondent for The Village Voice, *where he has written about Philippine affairs since 1985.*

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neath the saintly image to show that while Ninoy was a brilliant politician, for most of his career he was also little better than the average Filipino oligarch. As a local autocrat, he maintained a private army in his home province, like any other warlord, though he also treated the serfs on the family plantation relatively well. The self-styled "radical rich guy" often boasted of, and according to Bonner exaggerated, his ties to the C.I.A. Toward the end of his life Ninoy became a symbol of the democratic opposition to Marcos, and Bonner correctly deplores Washington's failure to treat him with respect. One reason for that official indifference, not mentioned in the book, is that after eight years in prison Ninoy had become a nationalist and a critic of capitalism, and was connected to a militant underground movement against Marcos that sometimes used bombs as a means of protest.

If Bonner makes a few errors on local matters (such as attributing the Protestant Fidel Ramos's revolt against Marcos to devout Catholicism), he offers a wealth of impressively documented detail about his true subjects: the people and processes of American statecraft. He is becoming the premier journalistic critic of America's relationship to Third World repression: this book began as a study of Batista, Diem, the Shah and Somoza as well as Marcos. (The nation would be well served if he studied Somoza next.) He is therefore consistently able to place Philippine-American relations in the broader context of U.S. foreign policy, from Vietnam to Greece and from Iran to Central America (where Bonner himself suffered vilification for his independence as a *New York Times* reporter). The resulting mosaic reveals a familiar pattern of American support for friendly dictators, or "our bastards," and documents our highest officials' indifference to client states until a crisis ensues.

As an investigative critic of foreign policy, Bonner has developed an eye for the dissidents among our diplomats. Generally obscure analysts and desk officers, there were always one or two of them trying to convey the truth about Marcos to their superiors. Occasionally, such people became well known, as Patricia Derian did for her work as Assistant Secretary of State for Human Rights during the Carter Administration. (Her successor, a testament to the reason for voting Democratic, was Elliott Abrams.) A key section of *Waltzing With a Dictator* scathingly recounts how Derian's efforts to implement human rights policies in the Philippines and elsewhere were blocked by other bureaucrats, principally Richard Holbrooke, then Assistant Secretary of State for East Asian and Pacific Affairs. Holbrooke, who symbolizes the institutional inertia at State, stopped defending Marcos after leaving public life for investment banking. In the months preceding the regime's fall he campaigned both publicly and privately for Aquino, circulating material about Marcos's corruption to top U.S. officials.

But relatively few Americans knew or cared much about life in the Philippines. Bonner writes that three weeks was an exceptionally long period for a visit by any U.S. official, including those with specific responsibility for Philippine policy. Much more significant were the visits by American Presidents, vice presidents, secretaries of state and other high officials, when *raison d'état* became an excuse for enjoying the vulgar hospitality of the world's greatest party girl. No President ever had a closer relationship with Ferdinand and Imelda than Ronald Reagan, who first became acquainted with them as Governor of California. Reagan and his closest advisers, who succored Marcos virtually until his final hours, have shamelessly claimed credit for restoring Philippine democracy. Bonner's account of the struggle within the U.S. government during Marcos's final days is especially valuable for its clear proof that the Reagan Administration's version is a lie.

The February 1986 election disrupted the quiet routine of foreign policy management with a dose of democracy. In the wake of Marcos's violent electoral fraud Americans—who rarely think about other countries—were furious at what they saw on TV. Suddenly twenty years of support for Marcos became an embarrassment to a number of conservatives who had volubly defended him only weeks earlier. Columnists and pundits—Evans and Novak and Jeane Kirkpatrick spring to memory—were a barometer of Reaganite sentiment. In the penultimate moments of the dictatorship, the C.I.A., the Defense Department and the White House all secretly continued to support Marcos. According to Bonner, among the factors heavily influencing the President was the friendship between Nancy Reagan and Imelda, who had sent the First Lady a $10,000 gift of two gowns (one strapless and red, of course) a few months

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earlier. Mrs. Reagan apparently had more clout than special envoy Philip Habib. The State Department, after decades of collusion with Marcos, had recently begun to dissent, but its position was moot until People Power intervened.

Those joyous days have now evaporated. The Philippine elites have reverted to violent oligarchy, the Mao-mouthing communists to violent dogma; both share responsibility for the failure of the peace process that Aquino promised and then prematurely abandoned under pressure from Washington. American policy, stretched for a moment to accommodate a popular uprising, has quickly snapped back to its old shape, insisting upon a military solution to the peasant insurgency and a free-market cure for the looted economy. The former will not work because the military remains corrupt while peasant grievances fester; the latter is ridiculous in a nation whose roads, utilities and water supply are still underdeveloped after billions of aid dollars have been expended and stolen.

Unattractive as the New People's Army may be, its extermination, which George Shultz urges regularly, will not redeem the Philippines. The decay in that country, and the prospect of another bloodbath, are mainly due to our own support for Marcos. The Marcos waltz, Bonner writes, should teach American leaders that "It's not a moral imperative which says don't embrace dictators; it is hard, cold realpolitik." His account shows that few American officials understood that maxim even when, a year ago last February, it stared them in the face. Marcos is finally gone, but for other despots, the band plays on. □

Iron-Fisted Fiction

ANDREA FREUD LOEWENSTEIN

GONE TO SOLDIERS. *By Marge Piercy. Summit Books. 703 pp. $19.95.*

Like other absorbing pleasures, reading has meant different things to me at different times. Sometimes as I read a novel these days I remember how fiercely my 19-year-old self might have disapproved, or how completely engrossed my 11-year-old self would have been. Marge Piercy's enormous new novel about World War II pleased and irritated several of these reader selves.

During my first major period of novel-reading, the story was all: I read Dostoyevsky, Jane Austen and Herman Wouk with a certain passionate lack of discrimination. When I was 13 or 14, I was hooked on novels about World War II. These were all more or less alike: long books with a number of simultaneously running stories about various men, each from a different background. The war provided plenty of action in the form of battles and deaths, and the main relationships were those between male buddies. Not that these were homosexual books—there were good (faithful) and bad (sluttish) women somewhere in the background. Looking back, I think I must have expected them to reassure me somehow about the extermination of the Jews. My own parents had made it to America, grateful to be alive, and just as I believed that the Civil War had been fought to free the slaves, so I knew that America must have entered World War II in order to free the Jews. The war books were supposed to show me that the Americans had done their best to stop the Holocaust, and that it couldn't possibly happen here.

The two books in this genre that I remember best are Norman Mailer's *The Naked and the Dead* and Irwin Shaw's *The Young Lions*. *The Naked and the Dead* has two Jewish soldiers in its cast, a bad (cowardly) one who dies and a good (brave) one who survives, carrying a wounded anti-Semite for miles through the jungle. *The Young Lions* has one, young Noah Ackerman, a 135-pound weakling who fights the ten largest men in his company when they pick on him for being a Jew. Noah dies near the end of the war, leaving his Protestant wife, Hope (one of the good, waiting women), but not before he's established his reputation by saving many of the same men who had called him a dirty kike—proving that Jews can be heroic, and even more American than real Americans. *The Young Lions* ends with the liberation of a concentration camp. When the rabbi asks the American captain's permission to conduct funeral services for the dead, Captain Green grants it gallantly: "I guarantee that anybody who attempts to interfere with your services will be fired on by those machine guns." "The human beings are going to be running the world," Noah exults before he's shot, and one has the feeling that these human beings will be dry, efficient and honorable American males like Captain Green.

I liked reading about Noah Ackerman, who was so different from the Jews in the Nazi-made films of the camps they used to show us every year in junior high school, where I was the only Jew. Watching those films, I would be full of shame, sure that everyone was staring at me, connecting me with those helpless, half-slaughtered skeletons, and afraid of the inevitable laughter, which meant that, given the chance, the kids in my class would put me in one of those piles. The war books, reassuring as they sometimes were, did nothing to alter that shame. They also left me with some confusion about how the different wars were connected—the one the American war books meant, which was mostly against the "Japs"; the one in the British war books I also used to read, about hiding in the tube tunnels and blackouts and rations and people being brave as bombs fell on their houses; and the other war, the one in the horrible films, which was also the one my parents wouldn't talk about but that spoke all the time in the silences of our house.

I wonder whether Marge Piercy read these same novels as a child and experienced some of the same confusion, because *Gone to Soldiers*, while written essentially in the same format as these old books, is exactly what I'd like to have on hand to give to a daughter who was looking for answers and connections about the war. Although Piercy's emphasis is still on the United States, and some sections of her book follow U.S. soldiers on both fronts, others trace the lives of civilians and noncombatant war workers: cryptanalysts and war correspondents in France and Britain, and Resistance workers in France and then Auschwitz. Also, unlike those in the books I grew up on, the majority of Piercy's characters are women, and the majority (and the most interesting) are Jews.

The book's most riveting sections involve a character who is both: Jacque-

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line, a young Frenchwoman who declares in 1940, "I am as French as anybody else and as thoroughly imbued with French culture . . . so it is not me that this vileness is aimed at." Learning the hard way, Jacqueline goes on to become a hero in the Resistance, bombing trains and killing Nazis as well as rescuing hundreds of Jewish children by leading them over the Pyrenees. She survives torture, the death of her lover and even Auschwitz to emigrate to Israel. If her bravery and independence are so great as to be barely believable at times, I believed anyway, so great was my need for such a character. Creating fiction about concentration camps is tricky, and many have suggested that it shouldn't be done. In following Jacqueline to Auschwitz, Piercy focuses not only on the horror but also on the courage and compassion women in the camps showed toward one another, and those sections are precious. Reading them, the ashamed child of twenty-odd years ago breathed more easily.

If you didn't already know about the camps, you wouldn't have learned of their existence by reading *The Naked and the Dead*, or most of the other American and British war books. As a child this omission used to puzzle me; now it strikes me as a way of acquiescing in the silence. Characters in London or Detroit coping with their own war are unlikely to spend time thinking about the death camps in Germany, but I want that omission to be noted, as it is in the empty spaces of Claude Lanzmann's documentary *Shoah*. And Piercy does this: she records the absences as well as documenting the stench and the sounds of genocide. Oscar, a Jewish intelligence officer beloved of two of the other characters, has a sister who disappears from France; Piercy shows us the news reports and reminds us, as well, of what is not reported. Jacqueline has two sisters, who are twins. One, Naomi, is sent to Detroit to stay with American relatives while the other, Rivka, dies in Auschwitz with their mother. While we never hear from Rivka in person, her agony pervades Naomi's sleeping and waking dreams, and is always in the background of her American life of high school and boyfriends.

While reading *Gone to Soldiers* twenty-five years ago would have fulfilled my need for information, the connections Piercy makes would have deprived me of my 13-year-old patriotic assurances. The camps are not bombed, not attacked,

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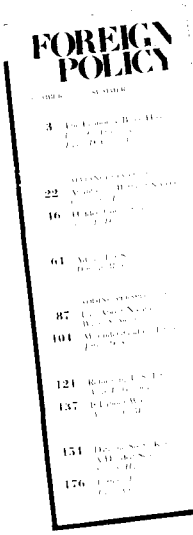

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because to "stop the killing in the camps . . . was simply not an Allied priority." And while the Jews are being killed in Europe, Americans on the streets of Detroit persecute both Jews and blacks, making one of the characters, Ruthie, muse, "You'd think that during a war, people could be satisfied hating the enemy, but no, the enemy is too far away. You want someone to hate right on the next block. . . . Sometimes she wondered if what made Nazis out of Germans wasn't something she felt and saw around her here."

In Mailer's and Shaw's books class issues vanish under fire, where a man is a man; in *Gone to Soldiers*, as in all of Piercy's books, class is an issue for everyone, and if the fighters leave it behind for a while, those who survive must come home to it. And, while the female characters in this book must encounter men in that fierce and unevenly weighted battle of the sexes that is another Piercy constant, this book features a cast of especially strong and independent women, for whom work and autonomy are more important than love.

At 13 I didn't care whether the women characters I encountered were independent or threw themselves under trains for love, as long as their stories were interesting. Being boring is a real risk for an author with a point to make, and it's a fault Piercy's books have not always managed to avoid. But *Gone to Soldiers*, for the most part, is exactly the kind of read I valued most in adolescence: a book that forces itself on you, making you carry it around, sneaking a read on the bus or risking it in the bath. And if you do cheat and skip ahead to find out whether your favorite character survives the war and if so, whom she marries, then you can always go back and read the other sections later.

My younger self objects angrily to any criticism of *Gone to Soldiers*, her favorite book of the moment. But a somewhat older reader, a college freshman who has already declared herself an English major and would not dream of mentioning *Marjorie Morningstar* and *Crime and Punishment* in the same breath, insists that whatever Piercy's virtues in terms of readability and politics, there is a dimension she just does not reach. In-depth portraits of all ten of the main characters whose perspectives we enter and re-enter in the course of *Gone to Soldiers* may be too much to ask, but one can suggest complexity of personality without filling it all in. There is a flat completeness about even the most interesting figures here. Each can be summed up by a neat political or socioeconomic tag that is his or her reason for being in the book, and each is remarkably virtuous. Unlike Mailer, who presents us with a cast of truly unlikable rednecks and bigots, or Shaw, whose evil young Nazi is one of his most memorable characters, Piercy appears to have decided not to waste energy on those who do not provide us with some kind of model for living. With the exception of an otherwise pleasant young man who tries to seduce his 13-year-old niece, the characters whose lives we share harbor no seed of what made the Nazis possible.

Admittedly, my college-freshman self is a romantic. She would have despised the ordered and conscious process that appears to have gone into *Gone to Soldiers*, as well as Piercy's other books. The idea of a writer selecting a good topical issue she believes in, sitting down to make her outline, using a mixing bowl approach to ensure the proper blend of class, sex and religion, going out to do a good year's research in order to get it right, and then shaking it all up to make a novel is repugnant to this critic, who would like to think that inspiration comes into it somewhere, that characters take on a life of their own and do unexpected things, sometimes surprising even the author herself. Piercy rules her characters with an iron hand. She marches them down their ordained paths in language that makes no music and sometimes hurts the ears. "Nothing but fluff," this reading self proclaims, throwing *Gone to Soldiers* onto the large pile of Piercy paperbacks going to the used-book seller. "Good politics alone don't make good fiction."

My final critic, the reader I am today, does not dismiss that pile of paperbacks so easily. Having written one "political" novel that did not sell, I have a new respect for a writer who, year by year, and in the face of increasing caution on the part of mainstream publishers, not only produces books with uncompromising leftist politics but also manages to reach a wide audience. Although I would not take this or any of Piercy's novels with me to a desert island, I'm willing to accept her on her own, unique grounds.

Not surprisingly, for an author who has now written eight novels, a book of essays, a (co-authored) play and ten books of poetry, those grounds vary widely. *Gone to Soldiers* is one of Piercy's best books, but because it is so long and wide-ranging, it also contains samples of some of her worst writing. In the sections about Jacqueline, the Resistance worker and survivor, Piercy's prose takes off as it did in *Woman on the Edge of Time*, a passionate outcry against the oppression of mental patients. Both Jacqueline and Consuelo, the doomed hero of *Woman on the Edge*, are involved in life and death struggles between good and evil forces, and Piercy's storytelling is well suited to such material. Breathless, we race ahead, urging on the forces of good. We don't notice the lack of developed characters; there simply isn't time. In the other successful sections of this book, where Piercy writes of the "ordinary" (actually often courageous and extraordinary) lives of working-class women, she is more like the storyteller in *Small Changes* and *Braided Lives*, a woman telling important secrets to other women around a kitchen table. The voice here is looser and more charming; Piercy relaxes her hold a little and gossips instead of lecturing.

It is only when the lesson overrides the story that the writing becomes boring, and sometimes even embarrassing in its well-intentioned failures. An example is the treatment of Bernice, the lesbian character in *Gone to Soldiers*. Heterosexual sex is a topic Piercy enjoys writing about, just as she likes to write about good food and gardening, and there is plenty of good hetero-sex in this book, all quite hot and convincing. (There is also quite a lot of good food, considering that it's wartime, and somewhat less gardening than usual.) It must have been clear to Piercy that equal representation demanded at least one lesbian in this book, but her sigh as she sets out to invent one is almost audible. Before Bernice manages to come out, far into the book, she has several chapters of sex with a gay man, a sort of compromise solution for Piercy. (The main character in one of her least successful books, *The High Cost of Living*, is also a lesbian whose main relationship is with a gay man.) When the lesbian scene finally occurs, it takes up one paragraph, concluding with a euphemistic contrast to the sexually explicit straight scenes: "She let Bernice's hand come home." After The Scene, Bernice lives happily ever after (apart from societal persecution, which causes her to cross-dress) in Alaska, "Somehow with Flo. Her wife."

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Piercy has clearly made a decision not to write from the perspective of a black character, probably feeling that to do so without true insight might be even more of a violation. While I don't feel that nonlesbians should not create lesbian characters, Piercy is clearly most effective when writing out of personal, as well as political, conviction. In most of *Gone to Soldiers*, she does just that, and I hope that the book will be a success. The complaints of my second critic aside, it would be good to see it on drugstore counters and in airports, next to *Valley of the Dolls, Part Five* and *Rambo Strikes Again*. □

The Other Veterans

CAROL LYNN MITHERS

IN THE COMBAT ZONE: An Oral History of American Women in Vietnam. *By Kathryn Marshall. Little, Brown. 270 pp. $12.95.*

NURSES IN VIETNAM: The Forgotten Veterans. *Edited by Dan Freedman and Jacqueline Rhoads. Texas Monthly Press. 164 pp. $16.95.*

A PIECE OF MY HEART: The Stories of Twenty-Six American Women Who Served in Vietnam. *By Keith Walker. Presidio Press. 360 pp. $18.95.*

No one knows exactly how many American women served in Vietnam during the war: records kept by the Defense Department and State Department didn't categorize by gender. Current estimates put the figure between 15,000 and 20,000, evenly divided between civilians and those in the military, and the lack of a more definite figure might not matter were it not symbolic of a larger ignorance. During the war, and for years after it ended, there was virtually no public awareness or recognition that women served in Vietnam at all.

That silence is nothing new; women have always been present in war and absent from its official history. Within a war mythology that assigns women the roles of whore or symbol of what men fight to protect, there's no place for the image of a woman warrior; in a culture that worships "manhood," with combat as its ultimate proof, the experiences of "noncombatant" women don't have much claim to legitimacy. In 1983 Army nurse Lynda Van Devanter's memoir, *Home Before Morning*, challenged that mythology. Now, three oral history collections that include the stories of combat nurses, enlisted women and civilian volunteers for organizations like the International Red Cross, United Service Organizations, International Voluntary Services and American Friends Service Committee seek to give women's accounts a lasting place in the literature that defines what we consider worth remembering about Vietnam.

As a group, the women who went to Vietnam were different from the men with whom they served: a few years older, more white, more educated and middle-class. But their reasons for going were similar—because they wanted to help the people they saw nightly on their television screens, because they were looking for adventure (at a time when a woman's choices were marriage or a career as a secretary, teacher or nurse), because they were "drafted." Women who signed up for Army student nurse programs, which paid for nursing school, were often told that only volunteers went to Vietnam, but were later sent anyway. Once there, they found the same familiar mixture of fear and confusion; they, too, suffered serious adjustment problems when, after a year's service, they were sent home and told to resume the lives they'd left.

Women's perspectives on the war, however, were frequently different from men's. The gender conventions of war meant women played a contradictory, surreal variety of roles. Red Cross "Doughnut Dollies," hired to "boost troop morale" as "nonsexual symbols of purity and goodness," flew by helicopter to firebases to share a drink of champagne with the troops about to go out and fight, dropped in to play "audience participation games" with soldiers who'd been in the field for weeks, or put on miniskirt "fashion shows." As low-ranking officers, military nurses were forbidden to fraternize with the enlisted corpsmen with whom they worked and on whom they depended, but were invited to parties by doctors and generals who considered them "their property." They were regarded as angels of mercy by the wounded men they treated, and as whores by society in general—why else would a woman choose to live among so many men? And despite the fact that the difference between "combat" and "noncombat" zones in Vietnam existed only in official maps and minds, so that women regularly came under fire, women were always considered "noncombatants," because everyone knew that women do not go to war.

Moreover, it was hard for women to maintain even a brief illusion that war was some glorious, transforming adventure. Although women who served took pleasure in discovering their professional competence—nearly every nurse remembers the time as the absolute peak of her career—what they saw of the war, almost exclusively, was its wreckage. Red Cross and Army Special Services workers who set up base camp recreation centers found themselves hosting men too haunted by what they'd seen in the field to talk, angel-faced boys bragging of body counts, soldiers proudly bearing "trophies": a collection of dried ears on a string, Vietcong scalps, "little peckers in little glass jars." Volunteers in Quaker rehabilitation centers or hospitals run by the U.S. Agency for International Development spent their time patching together thousands of mangled civilians who'd been caught in the war's cross fire. And combat nurses faced the carnage of the battlefield—some 58,000 dead and 300,000 wounded. A private, blackly humorous lingo described the casualties that sometimes poured into hospital emergency rooms at the rate of five every five minutes—"expectants" (expected to die), "crispy critters" (burn victims), "gorks" (irrevocably brain-damaged), "train wrecks" (massive multiple injuries)—but beneath the humor was despair. "There was one time in Vietnam when I came so close to writing to my mother and asking her to check around and see if she could find one whole eighteen-year-old," recalls a former intensive-care nurse in *A Piece of My Heart*. And every nurse has one particular story that haunts her, that symbolizes all of Vietnam: the 18-year-old whose entire lower body was so "blasted to hell" he was no more than "a blob on a stretcher"; the shrieking G.I.s who arrived at the emergency room carrying

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the headless body of a friend; the man burned so badly "you couldn't tell if he was black or white. He was just a lump, like a burned marshmallow, and there was a tube at one end and this rasping breathing—'Aaah!'—like that."

These women's accounts add one more dimension to our knowledge of what happened in Vietnam and to our vision of war. But good oral history involves more than telling stories, and it's the failure of these books to go beyond the anecdotal that ultimately makes them disappointing. Though their quality varies—*A Piece of My Heart* is by far the most awkwardly written and badly edited, and *Nurses in Vietnam* (whose co-editor, Jacqueline Rhoads, was a Vietnam nurse) is the best—all of them have problems. Since the narratives follow one basic outline (why did you decide to go to Vietnam, what did you do there, what happened when you got home), the same ground is covered again and again, and the result is brief overviews of an experience rather than in-depth explorations of various aspects of it. At the same time, Keith Walker and Kathryn Marshall, both of whom seem to have overidentified with their subjects to the point that they report feeling like veterans themselves, leave far too much unexamined. Statements like "I vaguely knew I wanted to destroy myself because I was so depressed—depressed that all we'd done over there was for nothing," and "That fall I learned I had post-traumatic stress disorder" are simply let drop, as if in their reverence for their subjects' pain, the authors did not want to push for too many details.

Oral histories may rely on personal accounts, but the form's goal must be wider: individuals tell their stories to illustrate their relationship to, and place within, a system, thereby exposing its workings. These books' failure to examine the war system is a critical one. Unquestionably most of the women who went to Vietnam went for the most apolitical of reasons, because they saw themselves as "humanitarians." Once there, however, they discovered that the war didn't permit such neutrality. Again and again women witnessed government corruption, racism against the Vietnamese (which many were horrified to find themselves beginning to share), civilian casualties, Americans killed by drugs, friendly fire and fragging—evidence of the war's insanity and purposelessness that made dealing with its casualties much harder to bear. The few post-traumatic stress disorder studies done of Vietnam nurses all found that political or ideological confusion and cynicism about the justification for the war was a major source of stress. Not to discuss politics except in passing robs the women's Vietnam experiences not only of their context but of their power to connect the abstraction of official policies with their devastating human consequences.

Despite these three books' shortcomings, they have begun to bring women's voices into the continuing discussion of the Vietnam War. Giving women's experiences the cultural legitimacy they deserve, however, will take something more. For years this country sought to forget what happened in Vietnam because it raised too many troubling questions about our most sacred national myths of limitless power and moral correctness. The truth spoken by female Vietnam veterans poses a double danger, challenging not only national myths but those having to do with war itself, with its connection to manhood and masculinity, and with the false glory we assign to it. Unless that mythology is challenged, the experiences of the women who went to Vietnam, like the experiences of the women who went to war before them, will forever be considered marginal. □

ART.

ARTHUR C. DANTO

Berlinart 1961-1987
Kimura

The great historian Fernand Braudel disdained what he regarded as the surface events of history as traditionally conceived—treaties, wars, the death of kings, coups d'état, the rise and fall of empires, the flourishing and passing away of schools of art—in favor of life as lived by ordinary men and women at a level where nothing much changed for periods vast in relationship to the agitated chronology of surface history. Historical existence during what he famously termed the *longue durée*—stretches of time so protracted that one could not speak of them as punctuated by historical events—takes place on a level of consciousness so remote from the courts and corridors of power that what happens to the rich and famous at the top is as distant and mythic as the bickering of the gods was to the grunts and bumpkins of ordinary Troy. Far, far beneath the agonies of Hector and Menelaus, life went on as it had and would go on, though the stories of those events would, in time, begin to shape the consciousness of the *longue durée*. Braudel saw himself writing a kind of non-eventival history, a history with respect to which the structures of narrative would be inappropriate. No doubt even in history so construed, there are points of change, when one *longue durée* gives way to another—but even then there may be a still deeper level at which nothing changes at all, and ordinary persons today are in effect strict contemporaries of the Cro-Magnons. If so, our common humanity must be defined in its terms, as must the possibility of transcultural, as well as transtemporal, understanding.

It is striking that surface history has itself begun to take on some of the attributes of life in the *longue durée*, in that cities the world over have begun to look the same, much as their airports do, and international travelers find themselves eating much the same cuisine and sleeping in much the same rooms, wearing the same clothes except on ceremonial occasions, listening to the same music, watching *Dynasty* and diverting themselves with the same video games from meridian to meridian. More to the immediate point, the cultural life of great cities is very little different from place to place, and much the same contemporary paintings are seen in much the same order of museums—paintings and sculptures familiar from public spaces, such as airports or the lobbies of corporate headquarters or, in smaller versions, the reception rooms of commercial hotels. As Pascal might have said had he lived in our times, *Plus on voyage, plus c'est la même chose.*

Beyond question, differentiated forms of life go on between the deepest and the most superficial levels of historical reality, and it would have been from the intermediate levels of historical consciousness that national styles of art arose in earlier times. For those who could not travel, there were engravings of legendary paintings in Italy or Spain. Since the early nineteenth century, there have been museums for artists to visit, sometimes to great transformative effect, as when Picasso found himself in the ethnographic museum of the Palais de Trocadéro. But in those cases, alien forms were adapted to local vision, and

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whatever Picasso borrowed from Africa or Oceania became the defining features of the School of Paris. Nothing gives a deeper insight into Northern sensibility than Dürer's copies after Mantegna. Hopper's sojourn in Paris fed into a style of painting that was unmistakably and untransportably American. Kimura remains Japanese for all his protracted residence in France and the profound Bonnardism of his vision. Until very recently, it was with art as it is with wine. Whatever the provenance of the vinestock, it was the local circumstances of soil and light that made the final product distinctively German or Italian or French. And connoisseurship consisted in part in the power to make nuanced discriminations of whatever it is in art that corresponds to vintage and the *goût de terroir* of authentic wines.

The fascinating and somewhat scary Berlinart exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art (until September 8) offers an inadvertent glimpse of the slide toward internationalist entropy of art produced in Berlin from 1961, when the wall first went up and President Kennedy became a Berliner, until the present minute. The earliest works in the show, one feels, could not have been painted by anyone except Berliners responding to the immediacy of Berlin, for that city so penetrates their substance that their being from Berlin and by Berliners is a deeply revealing fact about them. The last paintings, though produced in Berlin by whomever was there, could have been painted by an international artist anywhere: at some point Berlin passed from a cultural outpost to one of the art capitals of the world. The curator of the show, Kynaston McShine, has excluded all Germans who did not work in Berlin, and has included any number of non-Germans because they were working there, as high-class *Gastarbeiter*, so to speak. Thus Malcolm Morley, an English artist now resident in New York, is represented by a large painting, *The Day of the Locust*, based upon a minor American classic and essentially about Hollywood. Its being made in Berlin penetrates its substance not at all, and this is characteristic of most of the work done there in the 1980s.

My sense is that the turning point came with the distasteful and portentous *Zeitgeist* exhibition of 1982 at the Martin-Gropius-Bau near the wall, on which Jonathan Borofsky drew one of his Running Men. That show was in effect the equivalent in painting of the Frankfurt Book Fair, and it marked the sudden canonization of an international confraternity of hot artists working in Germany, Italy, England and America, whose origins were irrelevant and whose homes were wherever their commissions or openings happened to take them. The style they exemplified was demonstrated to be absolutely international in the exhibition that inaugurated the newly refurbished Museum of Modern Art in 1984 (also curated by McShine), where works were brought from everywhere to show the latest lines and fashions, but only the labels indicated national identity. Internationalism is made possible today by the demand for traveling exhibitions, which means that the same works circulate from capital to capital on every continent. But most importantly, I believe, it is facilitated by the excellent color reproductions in the art magazines which carry monthly news to the most distant provinces. Laplanders and Fijians, Patagonians and Watusis are able to see Schnabel, Salle, Chia and Cucchi, Basilitz and Kiefer, in fact or in effigy, and hence the models to be followed as a condition of entry into the circuits of contemporary art-making and showing.

The Berlin art before *Zeitgeist* was very immediate and utterly of its place. K.H. Hödicke's somber study of the War Ministry, with its ranks of gray columns, each a single brushload of pigment, and its heavy shadows, darker gray against dirty canvas, is a political postcard bearing the message, "Having a terrible time, be glad you are not here." Bernd Zimmer's *Berlin* of 1978 shows a sinister green automobile, with weeping yellow headlights, proceeding into black paint against sick storewindows. Rainer Fetting paints buildings like black broken teeth against a green cloud, with the horizon punctuated by what must be ruins. These are authentic images that convey the feeling of an unholy city bearing the terrible burden of unspeakable devastation. Helmut Middendorf's late *Airplane Dream* shows its subject like a flying cross over a burning city. But international art refers to traditions it stands outside, and tends to be about art, not about whatever the images and styles it appropriates were themselves a response to. So it tends to disappear into its own reflections on itself. Berlin was the city where Hegel gave his final series of lectures on the fine arts in 1828–1829, saying, famously, that art had come to an end. This coming to an end meant not so much stopping as turning away from life and toward itself, thus standing outside whatever gave art meaning and becoming an art that exists just to be art. I find Hegel's dire forecast profoundly confirmed by Berlinart, which could just as well have been titled Worldart Incidentally Manufactured in Berlin.

Chuka Kimura's paintings, which are among my great enthusiasms, could not on the other hand have been painted by anyone but a Japanese working in France. These facts penetrate the work in the sense in which comparable facts are external to international paintings. It is an internal fact about Kimura's work that he saw the paintings of Bonnard in Japan and perceived France through that artist's perception of it. This was in 1941, and the experience defined the vision of a distant landscape that became a permanent passion, almost in the sense of imprinting that we find in animal psychology. Kimura wanted nothing more than to be there, amidst the mimosa and bougainvillea, the purples and oranges and vegetal greens, the unforgiving blues of meridional skies and the baked browns of spare hills. The colors of his paintings are French colors, and the spaces are those of Bonnard, where the landscape seems to lie vertically before the viewer, as if rising up to engulf him.

When, in the early 1950s, Kimura was able to consummate the desire, to see with his eyes the intoxicating aridity and the luxuriance of Provence, it was, one

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feels, as someone visually obsessed, and he stayed in France from then on. Yet it is characteristic of his complex relationship with the landscape that he remained, one might say, absolutely Japanese, to the point of never learning to speak French, so that he lives surrounded by a bubble of silence. This has enabled him to retain the freshness of perception of a distant yearner who knew the reality first through pictures: he lives in France as one might, impossibly, participate in events one first read about in books. He addresses the landscape finally with the manual energy available only to someone who carries in his reflexes styles of swordsmanship and calligraphy that are archetypally Japanese. It is a fusion of two modalities of perception and gesture that coexist in a state of tension and even of conflict. You can subtract neither the Frenchness of the one nor the Japaneseness of the other from the canvases in which they strive together and against one another. Even his signature, the Japanese name written in Latin characters, carries this double energy: looking at his work I trace and retrace the letters hypnotically, as if watching the movements of one who is altogether familiar and yet remains a mystery, and from whom one cannot lift one's eyes.

Because of its gestural aggressiveness, because of the physicality of pigment as Kimura uses it, his work will inevitably be seen as Abstract Expressionist in inspiration. But it is neither abstract nor expressionist. If anything, his work is impressionist, and he sees himself as being in the same line as Monet. The paintings answer to the stimulus of definite places, corners of gardens or parks, streets, farms, houses and chairs or bicycles and cascades of vegetation or rows of trees and shadows and clouds that must have been there when he made his notations. But the response is not passive and retinal, as Impressionism was obliged to be, insisting as it did on visual exactitudes and using theories of color and optical physiology to underwrite its effects. The duality of Realism or Expressionism almost defines the options available to a Western painter, who must either show what is there, like a camera, or express his feelings about what is there. But Kimura, I believe, does neither, and it is his ability to occupy a third position, not intermediate between these but alternative to them, that may be referred to his Japanese roots. It is as though he wanted the landscape to *express itself*, wants there to come to the surface what does not necessarily meet the eye: a force, a stirring, a shifting and a wildness, a spirit one has to provoke by some counterenergy on the artist's part. It is as though the landscape were some sleeping dragon disguised as hills and meadows, as some peaceful place, but which, with enough prodding, reveals its true power, dissolving into something that writhes and whips and flashes before it subsides back into colors and shapes, leaving the memory of something untamed.

Landscapes like Kimura's reveal, it seems to me, the visualistic premises of Western art, which support the conclusion that nature is something to be seen, that our relationship to it is external, the stance of responders or witnesses, rather than of participants or beings engaged with it. It suddenly occurred to me that he is carrying forward a tradition of Japanese art whose most familiar example is *The Great Wave of Hokusai*—is there a single Western work that really shows nature seething with the dwarfing force of that wave?—or perhaps the magnificent screen of irises by Korin, which visitors to the Metropolitan Museum know so well and which now forms the climax of the latter's newly installed Japanese wing. Those irises stand like green blades, dominated by the gardener's and finally the artist's countervailing will. Will: perhaps that ultimately accounts for the difference between the way the non-German artists are "in" Berlin and the way Kimura is "in" France. It is as though we were dealing with different prepositions altogether.

It has been difficult to see Kimura's work in this country, unless you happen to have visited his exhibition in 1985 at the Phillips Collection in Washington. But twenty of his large canvases, most of them done in the past year, may be seen from June 23 until July 11 at 112 Greene Street. A trip to Berlinart at MoMA, then on to Kimura's show in SoHo, will give you a midsummer treat, and a lot to think about as you trudge the beaches or sit, later in the summer, in the cool mountain evenings. □

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THEATER.

THOMAS M. DISCH

Real to Reel
April Snow
Bad Blood
Waking Women
Lady of Fadima
The Comedy of Errors

For the tenth year, The Ensemble Studio Theater has marked the rounding of the bend to summer by producing its own limited-run festival of new one-act plays. Aside from the sheer skinflint delight of getting three for the price of one (or four, or five, at the Ensemble's Marathon '87), there is a way in which we are taking part in an act of justice by attending such an event, for the machineries of publicity and fame are such that one-act plays seldom get a fair shake. For every *Zoo Story* or *Beirut* that establishes its own theatrical identity, a legion of other one-acters sink into oblivion, victims of their own concinnate virtue, for had the playwright valued the box office more than his muse, he could probably have beefed up his story to a commercially viable ninety minutes. Surely, two such theatrical master craftsmen as Frank D. Gilroy and Romulus Linney, the authors, respectively, of *Real to Reel* and *April Snow*, could have concocted sufficient extra business to bulk out the prime fillets of their plots to acceptable meatloaves. That they resisted the temptation deserves some special commendation: at the least, inclusion in the annual volume of Best One-Act Plays of the Year.

Real to Reel is a sexual chess match between a film critic of a certain age, who bears a vivid, coincidental resemblance to Pauline K***, and a famous hunk of the silver screen of the genus Warren Beatty. The hunk lusts for a

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good review from Paula (as she's called in the play), and she lusts for the hunk, and fate offers her an opportunity to blackmail him. Doris Belack as Paula is bitchier than Glenda Jackson at her most viperish, and if David Gautreaux, as her sparring partner in the game of sex and/or fame, is not quite at the same Memorex level of *à clef* credibility, the fault may be Gilroy's more than his. But that is a small demur.

April Snow was my favorite play of the seven I attended, a bittersweet comedy about a May-October romance (she's 20, he's 61) in which sweet triumphs over bitter without any damage to the characters' emotional truth. Sarah Jessica Parker, who once had the title role in Broadway's *Annie*, plays a waif lately paroled from a mental ward, who descends on the SoHo pad of an old family friend to sit once again, but no longer so innocently, on his curmudgeonly knee. Thomas Gibson, in the role of the curmudgeon, is as lovable as Oscar the Grouch, and the romance follows the strict A-B-A form of meets/loses/gets girl with Mozartian grace. Lois Smith, as the lesbian Mama Bear in the ménage that results from the plot's equations, is the very spirit of Sadder but Wiser, and there is a marvelous drunken party scene with separate wisecracking arias for friends of this odd trio, delivered con brio by Joe Ponazecki, Sam Schacht and Harris Yulin. When the curtain came down (which it did only figuratively, curtains having become as rare as farthingales in the theater), I wished the Ensemble would undertake an entire Romulus Linney festival. He's wonderful.

Bad Blood, by Peter Maloney, comes across as a well-engineered, nongimmicky *Twilight Zone* episode about an elderly librarian menaced by a gun-toting girl from the wrong side of the tracks. The library, where the play takes place, appears to be the last structure that the town's mad arsonist has not yet reduced to ashes. Kristin Griffith and Pat McLemore breathe more life into their stereotyped characters than the script strictly requires. If the two offstage characters in the plot were invited to take part in the action, this is one one-acter that might profit from being inflated to evening length.

Cassandra Medley's *Waking Women* is a monologue, delivered like a special-delivery valentine by the Grand Cayman Island actress Ebony Jo-Ann, who can flutter a palm-leaf fan with more élan than anyone. It's a pity that monologues, the atomic building blocks of the theater, don't have their own venue, like songs and arias. Surely they could be accommodated readily into the format of late-night variety shows. Like an aria sung out of context, a monologue is a celebration of acting for its own sake, and it seems odd that a culture that confers royal status on the acting profession should not place proportional value on the act of acting.

The above four plays constituted the menu for Evening C of Marathon '87. Of the three plays I saw on Evening B there was only one I would single out for commendation—Edward Allan Baker's *Lady of Fadima*, a slice of life from the inner-city lower depths, concerning the sexual harassment by her brutish supervisor of a young woman employed to clean lavatories in a large hospital. Victor Slezak as the brute tears a passion to tatters, to very rags. He has the sleazeball sexual charisma of the young De Niro, and it is an uphill battle for Lucinda Jenney, as his pitiful victim, to get equal time in the spotlight. Yet in hindsight, her futile evasions are as memorable as his sinister blustering. In hindsight I also must regret having missed Evening A and half of B. The truth is I simply hadn't expected Marathon '87 to be such a treat.

Just the contrary is true of *The Comedy of Errors*, at the ill-fated Vivian Beaumont Theater at Lincoln Center. I went to it in such a state of presold giddy expectation—The Flying Karamazov Brothers doing Shakespeare! Hey-dey!—that it was almost halfway into the first act (as staged, not as written) before I realized that I was not enjoying it much. It wasn't that the cast was guilty of lese majesty to the Bard's sacred text, which, after all, requires massive transfusions of imagination if it is to come off as more than a theatrical mummy. The skeleton of the plot is sound enough, but there is so much lame and labored wit, so much ribaldry that requires footnotes, so little life inherent in the minor characters, that modern producers have generally left this one on the shelf beside such moldy oldies as *Ralph Roister-Doister*. That the cast and director concur in this judgment is evident from the many razzings given the Bard (played by one of the Karamazovs) whenever he steps forward to take a bow for a passage of particularly mirthless verse. The problem is that finally the entire text ends up being dismissed, subverted, upstaged or

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brushed aside, and the material presented in its place is neither especially funny nor breathtaking in a circusy way.

The juggling is the biggest disappointment, since it is the Karamazovs' métier. It never mounts up to a moment of believe-it-or-not stage magic; worse than that, it constantly interferes with the delivery of the verse by imposing its own mechanical rhythms on Shakespeare's pentameter. Only Randy Nelson as Dromio of Ephesus manages to speak his speeches trippingly and to convey a sense that he thinks his jokes may be funny. Sophie Hayden and Gina Leishman, as the wife and sister-in-law of Antipholus of Ephesus, perform their opening scene (one of the most potentially actable in the text) while tap-dancing. Shirley Temples they're not. Hayden was required to supplement her stomping feet with feats of baton twirling while reciting her lines, which wreaked such havoc on the verse that she might as well have counted cadence to Plautus's Latin. I doubt that there were many in the audience who ever figured out what was supposed to be happening plotwise, unless they'd done their homework in advance.

Some of the stage business was funny, and some that wasn't made such an effort that the audience responded with dutiful laughter, as when a friend with a reputation for being the life of the party produces a punch line that fizzles. Indeed, the show may turn out to be a popular success, for it is loud and lively and visibly expensive and can fob off its inadequacies on its conceited author. Shakespeare isn't God, after all, and *The Comedy of Errors* may simply be the error among his comedies.

Despite this relative thumbs-down, I continue to believe in the dramatic mission of the Flying Karamazov Brothers. Perhaps what is needed is the further cognitive dissonance implicit in their name and made explicit on the first page of the show's *Playbill*, which announces Shakespeare's *The Three Sisters*. That title is crossed out, the first error of the evening's comedy. But why not *The Three Sisters*? Why not, indeed, *The Brothers Karamazov* itself? There are five starring roles, just the right number. Dmitri could balance glasses of vodka and champagne. Ivan and Alyosha could discuss suicide while juggling knives. Somehow or other, the New Vaudeville will achieve its masterpiece.

But not this season. Maybe in the fall . . . □

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PUBLICATIONS

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By Marta Harnecker. 16 p. $2.00 ppd.

New Americas Press, P.O. Box 40874-N, San Francisco, CA 94140.
Free catalog of Central America resources also available.

COPIES OF THE HISTORIC 120th anniversary issue of The Nation are available from the New York office. The cost is $4 each, $2.50 each for 10 or more (postpaid). Send order to: The Nation, Attn: Anniversary Issue, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

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ATTENTION BIRD LOVERS! Author's query for a book on career of woman environmentalist 1929-1962. If you knew Rosalie Edge of the Hawk Mountain Sanctuary Association and the Emergency Conservation Committee, or know someone who did, please write Robin Epstein at The Nation, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

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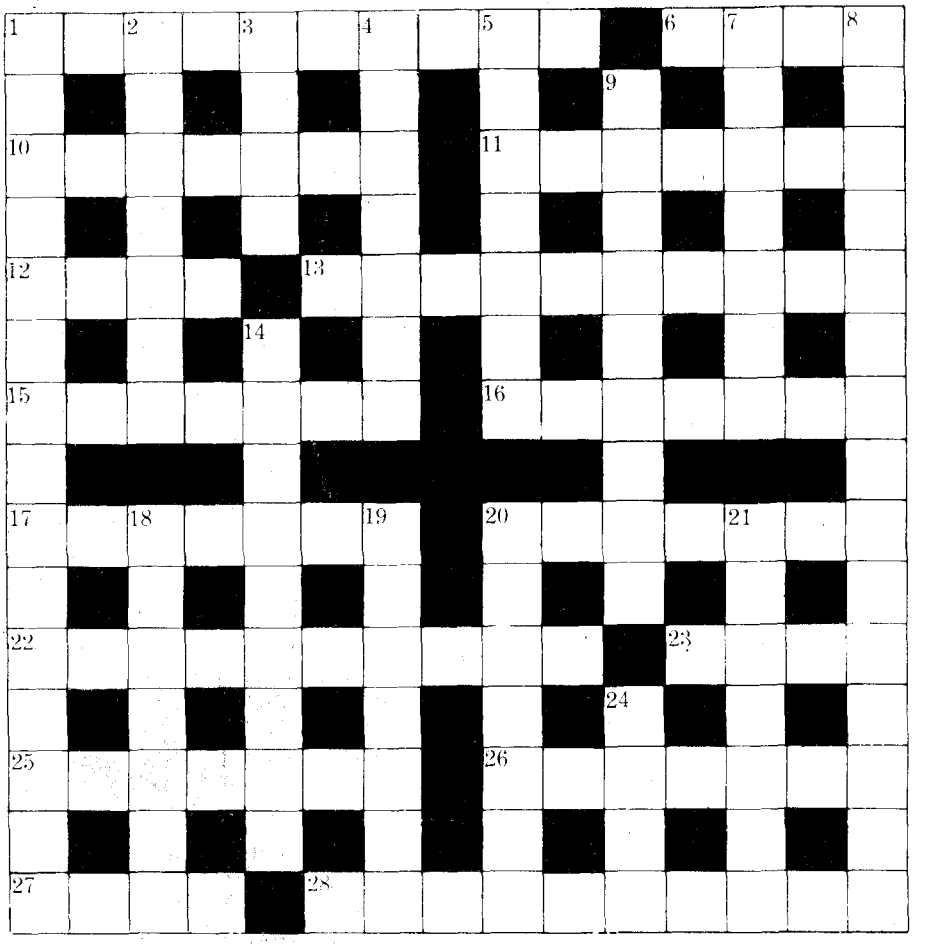
Crossword Puzzle No. 2157

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 and 24 down What Gable had when it came to decision in a picture? (Or what any big winner might have before it's over.) (10,4)
6 People that run this might be hard to stop—but the morning is evidently all right. (4)
10 Were they taken for a seaside walk before dinner because they were reputedly so dumb? (7)
11 What a stage platform might have for the concert, with freedom from restraint. (7)
12 Viewed as a panorama, by the sound of it. (4)
13 Divide what might sound like a way to make unauthorized entrance. (5,2,3)
15 The C.O.'s been transferred—that's real dirty! (7)
16 With mental disorder about one, no wonder you have trouble!
17 Free of something indeed! (Laughed at, anyway!) (7)
20 Struggle against someone as a favorite way to arrive around it. (7)
22 Getting the strands free with wing nuts it let loose. (10)
23 Turbulence of the bore of a European river. (4)
25 They go awfully fast, holding by their teeth. (7)
26 Declare how old you are? That's mean! (7)
27 The financially concerned sometimes hope to see them meet, but that's what 3 does with a prayer! (4)
28 What goes into the dish, as part of the coloring—red I enterprisingly conclude. (10)

DOWN

1 What are you trying to do! (Perhaps you're getting used to the so-called British type!) (9,6)
2 Streams out of this, perhaps, but conquers by degrees. (7)
3 The wrong name? So be it! (4)
4 Earners do whatever they get. (Might be well versed to a point.) (7)
5 Falls out of this, like silver in a rain storm. (7)
7 and 14 One of the newspaper staff probably did, or the subject of a sensational story. (4,3,9)
8 Bert Lahr considered the possibility of being this in the Wizard of Oz. (4,2,3,6)
9 This is no good without rubber, reputedly. (As you wish!) (5,4)
14 See 7
18 The sort that comes in color gets cast in character again—or done over (at least on paper). (7)
19 Carries the torch? (This might be so noted.) (5,2)
20 Chiron, for example. (One needs a penny, with a Biblical city.) (7)
21 None do, in Andrew Marvell's private place. (7)
24 See 1 across

SEE LAST WEEK'S SOLUTION AT LEFT

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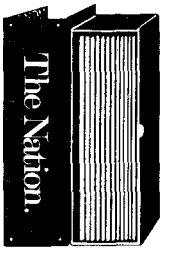

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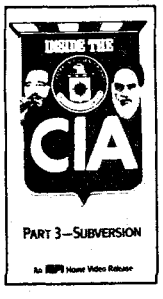

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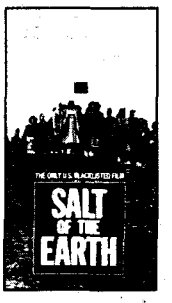

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